

THE WAR OF BIG SHELLS (Illustrated).  
OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS—SHERBORNE. By Arthur Waugh.

# COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:  
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## The GARDEN

(Dated June 17th).

Other articles of special note are:—

- "PRIMULA NIPPONICA" (illus.)
- "HIPPEASTRUM SNOWDON" (illus.)
- "NOTES FROM THE RIVIERA" (illus.), by E. H. Woodall
- "TULIPS IN THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE GARDEN" (illus.), by H. Avray Tipping, M.A., F.S.A.
- "CLIFTON DOWN: A RETROSPECT," by H. Stuart Thompson, F.L.S.
- "RHODODENDRON LODERI" (illus.)
- "NEW AND RARE PLANTS" (illus.)
- "GARDENING OF THE WEEK."

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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
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OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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## LORDS AND LAND SETTLEMENT

IN last week's issue our Parliamentary Correspondent gave a clear and analytical description of the important debate in the House of Lords on the Bill for settling ex-soldiers on the land. As he says, this is a subject on which the peers are experts. The discussion was searching, but not enthusiastic. It reflected a change that has come almost imperceptibly, but unmistakably, over public opinion in regard to the scheme. At first we were all inclined to give it a hearty welcome. The soldiers have established a claim on the undying gratitude of the nation, and any measure likely to ensure their comfort after the war is over would meet with the widest support. But doubt has arisen as to whether this measure is likely to achieve any object commensurable with its cost. If it

is not going to be financially self-supporting, if it is not going to place in the hands of ex-soldiers the means to work out their own salvation it should not be accepted.

On the other hand, little sympathy will be felt with the extreme views of Lord Sheffield whose only practical suggestion was that the men should be settled in the Colonies. But this is to misunderstand the position by ignoring the lessons of the war. The first and most important of those is, as Earl Grey said, to increase the production of food. After the war, and it may easily be before the war is over, it will be necessary to depend far more than has been the case for the last forty years on the home supply of food. Help towards this end may be afforded by small holdings that in reality are great market gardens; but experts agree that for the cultivation of roots and cereals, wheat and potatoes in particular, little fields and little holdings are out of date. The end can only be secured by men of capital farming large areas set out in big fields wherein the advanced machinery of the day can be used to most advantage. The small-holder who makes his holding a miniature farm cannot compete with those who work on wholesale lines. Besides, he has not the specialised education needed for intensive cultivation on a large scale and he has not the capital. Co-operation is admirable in many ways, but it must prove impotent against these difficulties. Lord Grey said he welcomed the scheme with open arms because it involved co-operation, but he used the word for once as a synonym for "that blessed word Mesopotamia."

However, it is construction and not criticism that is wanted. That will only be effective and practical when legislators come to put the case before the House. In other words, what is wanted is not a narrow piece-meal fragment like this Bill, but a well thought out policy in which the settlement of ex-soldiers will have a place. Great demands are likely to be made on the patriotism and foresight of landowners. It has been the glory of this country to trust to freedom and individual effort, and these at the moment must be exercised if the country is not to be driven into bureaucracy.

More land has to be put into effective cultivation if we are even to approach the ideal of being able to depend on the home supply. There was something in Lord Grey's startling suggestion that landowners must be penalised if they permit bad tenants to remain. It is a matter not of choice, but necessity that the maximum of food should be obtained. Yet there need be no shrinking from the responsibility. Land, next to man-power, is going to be the most valuable national asset, and once the way is opened up it will be crowded. But if landowners are not sufficiently instructed and enterprising to take the matter up on their own account they cannot complain of State action. From the land alone food comes and, one way or another, it must be made to come. But it will be far more in accord with the traditions of the landowning class for them to step into the breach voluntarily. For example, it is the plain duty of everyone who possesses waste land to ascertain its potential capacity. If it can be profitably brought into production, then it is the interest of the owner to do so. That means credit to his name and money in his purse. But he must not hang back because his father or his grandfather buried sovereigns in drain-pipes. Things have changed since their day, and it is possible for anyone to obtain an instructive and authoritative opinion on a matter of this kind. A new generation will be sure, following the example of other countries, to be keen on the subject. But why wait? It is not difficult to make inquiry, to ascertain the facts and then form a judgment.

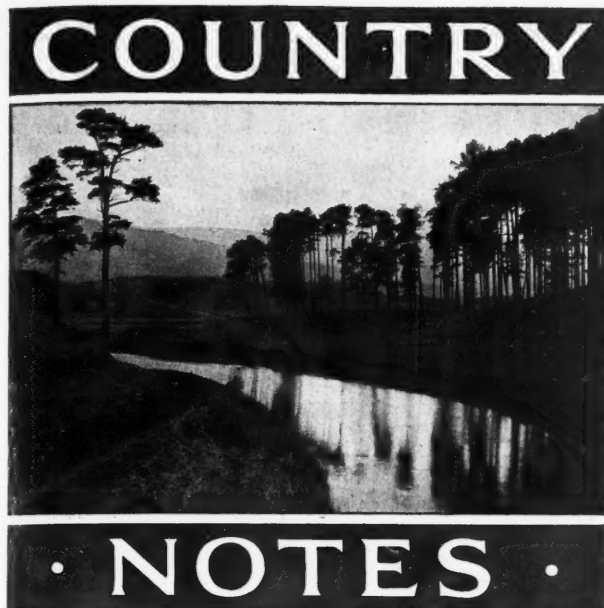
There is a matter of equally urgent importance. That is the treatment of large areas, usually composed of several farms flung together, in which the farmer is content if by grazing he can make a tolerable income without incurring risk or running up a heavy labour bill. Here is a misuse of resources that must be stopped.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Rosabelle Brand, elder daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, whose marriage to Captain J. C. Brand, Coldstream Guards, took place on May 20th.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.





LAST week Sir George Foster, the Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, arrived in England. There are few statesmen of the Dominion so well known in this country, where his eloquence and imperialism have always been greatly appreciated. His presence at the Paris Conference will add immensely to the weight of the discussions. Sir George is one of those who make up their minds promptly and decidedly. He is convinced that the ending of the war will provide a unique opportunity for a reorganisation of imperial commerce, and the experience that all the nations have gone through will have a stimulating effect. To him it appears foolish in the extreme that we should wait till the war is over before making up our minds on what lines to proceed afterwards. His views in this matter are shared by nearly all the important representatives of our Colonies and Allies who will meet at the conference. We believe, too, that the war has had a very illuminating effect on the minds of the general public. Theories which were perfectly sound as part of abstract economics will not work satisfactorily when they have to be applied in the face of a country which pursues Germany's methods. Our commercial policy will have to be profoundly modified, and there is much to be said in favour of Sir George Foster's view that the sooner the matter is taken in hand the easier will it be to carry it through.

SINCE the beginning of the war Russia's energy and generalship have won high admiration. Her rebuffs last year were discounted because everybody knew her shortness of ammunition, but German officers have borne testimony to the cleverness and tenacity of the Czar's army when fighting at a disadvantage and against heavy guns that hopelessly outranged their own. All that adds significance to the resurgence of Russian activity. And what a splendid week was that beginning on June 3rd! Whether by coincidence or set purpose, General Brusiloff's drive on the Austrian front synchronised with the news of the victory of Jutland, which put an end to any immediate German naval operations in the Baltic. In seven days, June 5th to June 11th, the Austrian lines were penetrated at three points, 107,000 prisoners were captured, the fortified towns of Lutsk and Dubno retaken, Lemberg is now gravely threatened, and it is already plain that these successes must react on the other theatres of war, especially on the Italian front, and cause a disturbance of Hindenburg's programme. The general situation is that the Central Powers have passed the period of growth while the strength of the Allies is increasing daily.

MORE than literary interest attaches to Mr. Balfour's Introduction to the two volumes of Treitschke's "Lectures on Politics," of which the firm of Constable has just issued a translation. Mr. Balfour writes in a happy literary style, but his main object is to discover and probe the mental pabulum on which young Germany was prepared for the war. In the process he shoots many a keen shaft of ridicule at the Berlin Professor, whose zeal to prove German superiority leads him to make such odd statements as that "The Latin has no feeling

for the beauty of a forest; when he takes his repose in it he lies on his stomach while we lie on our backs." And he points out a number of gross errors which are astonishing as coming from a Professor of History. With a few masterly and very clever touches he paints for us a Treitschke so determined to flatter his own country, or, at least, instil into the "diffident" Prussian a higher idea of his own merit, that he does not hesitate to slander and belittle all the nations brought into the comparison. Britain's want of chivalry is contrasted with the "simple fidelity of Germany." Holland is adjudged a money-grubber. With every nation some fault is found so as to form an effective foil to the greatness of Germany.

TREITSCHKE, no doubt, merited the castigation, though his praise of Britain is frequent and discerning. There is a fine passage on page 37, Vol. I, in which high praise is given to "England's enviable example." But the real significance of Treitschke lay in the fact that he employed influence legitimately derived from his force of character to preach a swashbuckler gospel to young Germany at the very time when the victory of 1870 still left intoxicating effects behind it. His choicest themes are the glory and purgation of war, Germany's need for colonies, and the duty of spreading German civilisation. As Mr. Balfour says: "Power based on war is his ideal, and the verdict of war not only *must* be accepted, but ought to be accepted." His learning, his accuracy, his philosophy are faulty to a degree, but he has an inflammatory power completely and strikingly dissociated from reason and common sense. His pugnacious exhortations were sucked in by minds only too willing to receive them, and in consequence he took a chief part in building the aggressive Germany, which is now making Europe suffer for her ambition and is suffering for it herself.

#### OLTON POOLS.

To G. C. G.

Now June walks on the waters,  
And the cuckoo's last enchantment  
Passes from Olton pools.

Now dawn comes to my window  
Breathing midsummer roses,  
And scythes are wet with dew.

Is it not strange for ever  
That, bowered in this wonder,  
Man keeps a jealous heart?

That June and the June waters,  
And birds and dawn-lit roses,  
Are gospels in the wind,

Fading upon the deserts,  
Poor pilgrim revelations?  
Hist . . . over Olton pools!

JOHN DRINKWATER.

AFTER preaching for so long the urgent need of land reclamation and the opportuneness of starting this work on a great scale just after the war, it is satisfactory to find that the *Times* has taken up the argument. In Monday's issue appeared the first of a series of articles dealing with the subject. The most striking passage is that in which the writer points out that with the £2,000,000 which has been suggested by the Soldiers' Land Settlement Committee as an amount that might be experimentally spent on the acquisition of small holdings, it would be possible to bring 120,000 acres of waste into cultivation, and they could be made profit-bearing within two years. Now this is a very moderate estimate indeed. The actual cost of reclamation in Suffolk during war-time, as we pointed out in an article on the work done there by Dr. Edwards, came to £4 9s. per acre, and in much more difficult cases £5 an acre would be considered a maximum outlay. Reclaimed land can under favourable circumstances be made to pay the cost in one year. This area of 120,000 acres could be laid out in holdings of many kinds, including large farms, small farms, market gardens, orchards and so on. The secret of success lies in treating each portion of land in accordance with its special character and potentiality. There can be no doubt then that, regarded from any point of view, £2,000,000 laid out in reclamation would be a much more profitable investment than the same amount spent in experimental small holdings.

A VERY simple calculation shows that if the cultivated land cost £30 an acre, and this is under the average price paid by county councils, £2,000,000 would purchase only 66,666 acres. So that in area the reclaimed land would be very nearly double. But the purchase is only a fraction of the expense. The equipment and preparation of the small holdings would involve a much greater outlay. In the case of reclamation there is no need for elaborate buildings at first. Indeed, it is better to do without them until the cultivation has got well under way. The crops grown can be sold standing, and it was very soon discovered that grazing let easily. As the cultivation becomes more intense the work of putting up buildings and cottages can be proceeded with, as then there is the great advantage of knowing exactly what is needed; whereas things would have to be done very much at random if building construction were entered upon before the proper size of the holdings and the form of cultivation were determined.

ONE thing to be regretted is that the writer has singled out Germany as the model to follow. In point of fact, Germany is very far from being the pioneer in this work. Denmark accomplished some of the earliest work in modern reclamation. The writer notes that in the Kingdom of Prussia a strong measure of compulsion was passed in November, 1914, but for many years anterior to that date it had been compulsory in the Netherlands. The owner of waste land is given ten years in which either to reclaim his land or produce a scheme for doing so. If he fails the work is taken up by the proper authorities and carried out. But our readers need not be told of the great eagerness which has been developed among the Flemish landowners. In one of our issues we gave the figures showing that a single waste land reclamation society had extended its operations from 2,580 acres in 1892 to 23,285 acres in 1911. Reclamation is one of those things which is readily popularised by success. What it needs in this country is not further argumentation, but practical work. If a few will start the others will see that it is to their advantage to follow.

"TO see ourselves as others see us" is interesting even when unflattering. Sometimes the interest is unpleasant. For example, it was far from comforting to have at one time those French Allies who have established such claims on our esteem and admiration plainly thinking, even if they were too courteous to say so, that Britain was moving too slowly and not doing her share in the war. No one could think so who understood what a gigantic effort was required to produce within a few months a British army comparable to the Continental armies which have engaged the work of generations to make them what they are. There is at least one Frenchman who has taken the trouble to come over to this country in order to see with his own eyes what we are doing, and from time to time the fruits of his observation and thought have appeared in our pages and those of other important reviews. These essays have been collected and published in book form by Hachette et Cie under the title of "L'Angleterre et la Guerre." It is a fascinating volume. M. Chevrillon brought to this country a great wonder and a great curiosity, and also sympathy, understanding and fine intelligence. England mirrored in his eyes has no reason to be ashamed of herself. He can see how British character has triumphed over difficulties and obstacles that may well have seemed insurmountable.

THE restrictions in the supply of petrol to private car owners threaten to interfere rather seriously with the salutary process of the absorption of small country houses by those whose business lies in towns, which has been going on briskly for the last few years. The motor car has made out-of-the-way places easily accessible; but if there are to be more difficulties about obtaining petrol it seems likely that many of these houses may be given up, and tolerably certain that the demand for them will fall off. The readiness with which little modest "places," not too far from large towns, could be disposed of, and the alacrity with which their purchasers restored and improved them have become commonplace of the estate market, to which the columns of COUNTRY LIFE have constantly borne witness. The number of unlettable or derelict homes in or on the outskirts of villages is infinitely smaller than it was ten years ago, and it is needful to the prosperity of the countryside that there should be no going back. Even the country parson, far from affluent as he usually is, has, in very many cases, found that a small car or a tri-car costs no more to maintain than the once orthodox pony-carriage, so long as he looks after it himself. He has

already been hit by the high price of spirit, and if he is to be allowed to obtain it only in infinitesimal quantities he will be in danger of finding himself not only a prisoner but very often seriously handicapped in his parish work.

THE lapse of a few days has been sufficient to show the foolishness of the German naval authorities in trying to establish their claim to a victory by suppressing their losses. The phrase "military reasons" has passed through the allied countries to a chorus of ridicule. The meaning of the words has been made absolutely plain by the Germans themselves, who not only asserted that they had given a complete list of losses, but said outright that the British Admiralty lied. Now it has become patent to the world that the British Admiralty made a complete statement of the British losses in its first despatch. It was afterwards declared that every ship not mentioned in it as being destroyed was now in harbour, and there is practically nobody who would seriously contest the truth of this statement. But one admission after another has been wrung out of the Germans, and it is manifest that when they accused the British authorities of falsehood they were deliberately trying to mislead the outside public. This is a very discreditable and ignominious position for a great Power.

#### THE SEEKER.

Fashion me wings that I may fly  
Above these cities of the plain,  
That as a god I may descry  
The small, the great, the true, the vain:  
So of that wisdom I shall give  
Meat to the sons of men, that they may live.

*Child, here are wings—that you may rise,  
When they shall fail you, to the skies.*

God, I have seen. 'Tis not enough!  
Forge me a weapon to reveal  
In perfect form this visioned stuff,  
That what I see all men may feel:  
Grant me a tool to carve, to draw,  
To sing or write or speak the thing I saw.

*Child, here are tools of heaven and earth—  
That you may learn your vision's worth.*

Not wings, not wings have shown me aught,  
Who to my blindness was all-blind!  
No tool could serve one so untaught  
Of soul, undisciplined of mind:  
Now by pain, failure, loss, the span  
Of life and growth, make me, O God, a man!

*Son, to all heavens you may win,  
Who seek my kingdom now within.*

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THIS is hardly the time in which to discuss things already well settled, but it appears that the famous Boscobel Oak, of Royal memory, has been engaging the attention of the Severn Valley Field Club, and the question of its identity with the actual tree in which Charles II hid himself after his defeat at Worcester has been gravely re-examined. Calculations from the girth of the present tree and the statement of a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1809 that the tree is said to have originated from an acorn of the original oak have been adduced as evidence against such a presumption. But there is no need of such arguments, the facts being on record. After the Restoration the tree was gradually destroyed by relic hunters, and was at last—but too late—enclosed by a brick wall for its protection. Early in the eighteenth century Stukely saw it in this condition, and the present tree is evidently the "young thriving plant from one of its acorns" which he then saw growing beside it. Moreover, it is recorded by a later writer that the old tree succumbed, "and a huge bulk of timber, consisting of many loads, was taken away by handfuls." From its acorns many other saplings were raised—two in Hyde Park. A tankard stand made of the wood of the Charles' oak is, or was, in the Bodleian Library.

IT is to be hoped that Lord D'Abernon's remarks at the meeting of the National Arts Collection Fund on the gaps in the English section of the National Gallery will not be forgotten. He pointed out that our Tudor, Stuart, and Early Georgian periods are hardly represented at all. This



is true, and anything that can be done to remedy this defect ought to be helped and welcomed. Of course, these early periods are difficult fields for gleaning, because they yield us less purely native art than the work of the pupils of great foreign painters. But Holbein, Lely and Vandyck all had English disciples of real merit. Most of these, however, were portrait painters, and the best are not without representation in the National Portrait Gallery. Attributions, too, are rendered difficult by the almost universal absence of signatures. Lord D'Abernon is on firmer ground when he deplores the absence from the walls of the National Gallery of any works by such men as Highmore, Kneller and Francis Wheatley. Zoffany, too, whose portrait group of the first Royal Academicians is at Buckingham Palace, is represented only by a portrait of Garrick, whereas we want some of his wonderful dramatic groups. Thomas Hudson, also, has been unduly neglected, and some work of Jonathan Richardson should be seen. Luck seems to have played a great part in these matters, as we may judge by the quite adequate representation of Samuel Scott.

OUR photographs on another page showing the steady increase in the size of shells which has been characteristic of the war might accurately be described as a footnote to history. All the belligerents appear to have been alike in their failure to comprehend that modern warfare on a large scale would be conducted to a greater extent than ever before with big guns. Austria alone appears to have anticipated this; and by the irony of history, Austria is suffering at the present moment for having transported her big guns to the Italian frontier and left herself at the mercy of the Russians. Even Germany's foresight failed her, and the defeat of the Marne was in some measure hastened, if not altogether caused, by a deficiency of ammunition. With characteristic energy Germany hastened to provide her armies with great guns and ammunition to correspond. She would appear to have done so on a large scale, judging from the number of heavy shells that have been fired at Verdun and the preparations now being made at Ypres. Thus the photographs epitomise what has occurred in each of the belligerent countries.

## ROTHAMSTED EXPERIMENTAL STATION

### I.—SIR JOHN BENNET LAWES AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

**W**HEN John Bennet Lawes, as he was then, entered into possession of the family estate of Rothamsted in 1834 the village of Harpenden was secluded and beautiful, practically two rows of old fashioned houses with a pellucid streamlet running down between them. But even then the common must have been as glorious as it is now. The white-walled cottage, which was his first laboratory, looked out on an expanse of gorse that was gay with blossom at this time of the year. Agricultural fields stretched away from it, and not yet did the railway, its trains and engines interfere with that prospect. Lawes was born on December 28th, 1814, and went to Eton and Oxford. It would scarcely be true to say that he was educated there, because, as he afterwards complained, while his tastes ran entirely upon scientific lines, the educational authorities of the time had not yet realised that science could be part of a gentleman's education. The particular science in which he was interested was chemistry, and it took the form of experiments with such plants as poppy, hemlock, colchicum and belladonna, which in our day would be classified as medicinal

herbs. But a new direction was given to his thought by a remark made by Lord Dacre that bones were invaluable for the turnip crop on some farms and on others were useless. His first patent was taken out in 1842 after he had discovered the effect of dressing turnip crops with bones dissolved in sulphuric acid. This was the foundation stone of the huge business in artificial manures that he was eventually to create. But at Rothamsted he found full scope for his enquiring scientific spirit and in 1843 started the experimental station as we now know it, having in June secured the help of one whose name is always linked with his own, Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert. The fame of Lawes and Gilbert was to spread over the whole civilised world. They tackled in earnest the great task of bringing system and exactitude into our knowledge of the manner in which plants and animals are nourished. Sir John was fortunate in having plenty of land at his disposal, and he marked out plots for experiment which are still in existence and of which we hope to give some account later on. His object at first was to show exactly what effect was produced on farm crops, leguminosæ, roots, grasses and corn by the use of various



HARPENDEN COMMON.

*A beautiful waste close to the Rothamsted Laboratory.*



kinds of manure, and what happened to them when they received no manure at all. Simultaneously they worked out the methods by which animals could be most economically fed. In fact, the Rothamsted experiments in those days covered far more ground than they do to-day, since after the establishment of the Development Commission it was arranged that the work in agricultural research should be parcelled out among various organisations, and that which fell to the lot of Rothamsted was soil and plant nutrition. This is the day of specialisation. The general principles were to a large extent ascertained by Lawes and Gilbert, and what remained was to particularise and work out the details. Sir John Bennet Lawes, in addition to being a keen scientific student, was also a great agriculturist. It was his custom annually to review the crops of the year. He belonged to many societies and the papers he read at them are still frequently consulted, while on any crisis that arose in regard to his favourite calling he always spoke with shrewdness and force.

Nor did he forget the traditions that belong naturally to an English landowner. He showed his interest in the labourers at Harpenden by starting, allotments for them as long ago as 1852, and he had set going well on to four hundred before his death. He was also keen on co-operation and saving. Indeed, he anticipated the Post Office Savings Bank by an institution of his own. He died on August 31st, 1900, at the advanced age of eighty-six. The good he did was not interred with his bones, because he looked forward to a continuance of the work after he had passed away. In 1889 he instituted a trust for the continuance of the investigations, setting apart for that purpose the old laboratory which had been built by public subscription and presented to him in 1885, certain areas of land in which the plots were situated, and £100,000.

Mr. A. D. Hall was appointed director in 1902. Recently he has become very widely and favourably known to the general public through having been made a Commissioner under the Development Act of 1909. It would have been

War," was reviewed in our columns only a few weeks ago. It was, practically speaking, his first excursus into the region of high politics with relation to agriculture, and showed him to possess in no mean degree constructive and imaginative qualities in addition to the accuracy and thoroughness which gained him fame as an exponent of modern science. In the latter respect he is known almost as widely as Rothamsted



WHERE JOHN BENNET LAWES BEGAN HIS EXPERIMENTS.

itself and is one of the very few British authorities who are recognised on the Continent of Europe.

But the most valuable work done by Mr. Hall was undoubtedly his popularisation, if one may say so, of scientific agriculture. Although a very accomplished master of science, he is not, like a great many of them, incapable of setting forth his ideas in terse, clear English that the plain farmer can understand. Indeed, he never uses technical phrases unless in a strictly technical essay. This is a matter of very great importance to the cultivator of the soil. Many of the new men have been prepared by special education for the profession, but still the vast majority proceed by the methods they have learned from tradition or the example of their neighbours, without having the confidence to experiment with methods new to them. Mr. Hall began by convincing his neighbours. A considerable number of the Hertfordshire farmers are proud to acknowledge their indebtedness to his teaching. Of course, the station is not in any sense of the word a college. It is what its name implies—a centre for research. But Sir John Bennet Lawes set the excellent example of writing in the daily and agricultural papers, and this course has been followed.

What has been said of his predecessor applies equally to Dr. E. J. Russell, the present Director. He, too, came from Wye, having been head of the Chemical Department there from 1901 to 1907, when he was appointed to Rothamsted. Dr. Russell is probably the highest authority on soil living. At any rate, he is one of the highest. He, also, is an excellent writer, clear, direct and very pleasant to read. He is the author of many learned works in connection with his subject, but—what is of even more importance—he has written several books that are of the utmost service to the agriculturist in his daily and hourly work. It is not that he considers the station to be a centre of teaching. On the contrary, the



FRONT AND SAMPLE HOUSE OF THE SECOND LABORATORY.

difficult to find anyone more capable of filling that position. Previously Mr. Hall had been principal of the South-Eastern Agricultural College, Wye, a position he held from 1894 to 1902, when he was succeeded by Dr. Dunstan, the present principal. There is very little need to say much about Mr. Hall, whose best credentials are his contributions to agricultural literature. His latest book, "Agriculture after the

ideal he keeps before him is to work out the true explanation of any phenomenon which is not thoroughly understood, regardless of its usefulness or not. As time advances a great deal of what has to be done with regard to study of the effects produced upon land by the use of various manures is to a large extent accomplished. When Sir John Bennet Lawes started he had the whole

field before him, but in this case, as in so many other cases, the last comer is able to begin where his predecessors left off. Instead of having to find out, for example, what nitrate does for the soil, he takes something that has happened with regard to growth and puts it through a regular course of experimentation. It often happens that something out of the way is noticed in the growth produced on land belonging to the station, and in that case the soil is brought under close observation and an endeavour is made to discover the constituent to which the phenomenon under investigation is due. There is, of course, a very large number of processes before the result is made known to the public. Very few outsiders have any idea of the time it has taken to achieve some of those results which have been most advantageous to the farmer.

When things have to be grown under peculiar conditions, and these conditions varied in order to ascertain the difference made by certain changes, it not uncommonly



THE NEW LABORATORY.

*This building is just being completed.*

takes years to discover the formula that can be adopted and used in the practical work of agriculture. No one could succeed unless he had, in addition to much else, the two qualities of patience and enthusiasm. These are possessed by Dr. Russell in a very high degree. We must reserve for another article an account of some of the actual proceedings, many of which have all the glamour of scientific romance.

## LORD KITCHENER

BY DETMAR BLOW.

IT was to George Wyndham that I owed my friendship with Lord Kitchener. He brought us together on Lord Kitchener's return from India. Soon after, we wandered together through English counties until we came to Kent, where in a moment his choice was made, and Broome became his home. Our associations, thus begun, ripened into warm and intimate friendship, and during the last two years, when the gigantic task of perfecting our military organisation was laid upon him, he found relaxation from the constant strain in discussing questions of art and architecture, into which he threw himself with the utmost zeal. The Editor has asked me to attempt to set down some aspects of his character of which the public has been less aware than of his military genius.

Publicity was the thing he most avoided, and I do not care to gossip about things which he would have regarded as either private or trivial. Nevertheless, some things may be told about him, now that the pleasure of personal contact has been so suddenly brought to an end, which will throw new light on his many-sided nature. One's first impression and one's last of Lord Kitchener was that he was essentially a great man. He had all the qualities of greatness, boyish simplicity, largeness of outlook, surprising modesty in some directions, iron inflexibility in others.

He was absolutely oblivious of himself and of his reputation, and in every stage of public life the office and not the official was the supreme importance. He was wholly absorbed by whatever work he had in hand. Never sparing himself, he would not endure slackness in those about him. He compelled by the force of his personality from all who served him the utmost that was in them, and they, with heart and mind, strove to do his will. He was impatient of verbiage, indifferent to politics and politicians. His whole mind was bent on action, his language was action; what he disliked above all things was waste, muddle and incompetence. He inspired in

those around him a passionate devotion, not only to himself, but to the cause he had in hand. In architecture he always conceived a well planned and well proportioned whole, and in his mind worked it out in all its details, carefully studying each stage to the final embodiment. He loved fulness of style and colour rather than pale flatness, vigour in youth, and ripeness in age.

One of his hobbies was Oriental china, of which he and Colonel Fitzgerald were great connoisseurs. He had the true Chinese feeling for pieces that were specially made for the Mandarins, such as self colours and little pieces of soft paste. He got this taste through his long experience in the East and his association with the Chinaman, his experience being bought, like every other expert's, with an occasional spurious or defective piece, which he invariably kept, and would never allow to be passed on to anyone else when he had discovered a defect. The Empress of China once promised him a choice of some peach bloom vases, and he and Colonel Fitzgerald spent the day going through many hundreds of pieces, eventually selecting a pair of very choice amphora shaped vases about six inches high, showing the ripening of the fruit, which are probably the finest in existence. Colonel Fitzgerald had quite as keen an eye and knew as much about the subject as Lord Kitchener, and it was amazing to an expert how quickly he would detect a spurious piece. He was beginning to be interested in the great beauty of English pottery of the eighteenth century by Ralph Wood, Wealdon and Aatbury.

New faces tired him in strenuous times, so that he was left with the intimate few who loved because they understood him. Coming from his labours at the War Office, he knew how to throw aside the anxieties of the day, and to take an hour's rest by means of a complete change of ideas. He would then seem to regard an architectural problem as the only problem in which he was concerned, and would spend the evening discussing books with George Arthur, whom he playfully

called his librarian, or works of art with any expert friend who might be admitted to the close circle in whose society he delighted. As in great matters nothing was too lofty or too large for his fine intellect to grasp, so in things which make life beautiful no detail was too slight for his cultured taste to enjoy.

In order to see a mountain one must be at some distance from it. In a year's time, or ten years' time, it will be easier to appraise Lord Kitchener as he deserves. The closest details of his later years have perished with one who could faithfully

record his chief's mind. There are things which none other can handle truly, or as Kitchener would have had them done. Therefore a silence characteristic of the man will hang over much of his life, and he will be known by the great facts of his life, worked out in so many countries—the work and not the workman.

No intimate account of Lord Kitchener could exclude Colonel Fitzgerald, who took part in all the work and interests of his chief. They had grown so much together that it seems almost natural that together they died.

## REVENANTS—MAY, 1916

"Lit are the stars of May in Heaven  
Over the lilac flower.  
Oh! let us join in your Maying,  
Home, from the place of shadows,  
Home, for an hour!"—

Poor, pitiful ghosts we knew  
Slipped by the Sentinel grey, and down  
To dally on cool Spring rivers  
Or join the throng o' the town—  
Town where we went a-Maying  
Once, ere the bugles blew.

Back from the silent spaces  
They fluttered and sang, they were swift at our side.  
—Why did they come to haunt us,  
(They who died),  
To spy on our busy goings  
With their strange, forgotten faces?

Here were no warrior dead,  
No conqueror's brow, no scarred hand.  
When we spake of our grief and glory  
They could not understand.  
They knew not the gleam that crowned us,  
Nor the hearts' blood we must shed.

A god-less, flickering crew—  
Pity them, Lord of the Merciful Tree!  
Though their faces seemed forgotten  
They were even we. . . .  
Our old selves, shattered and riven  
When the August bugles blew, came back for an hour  
As the stars of May were lit in Heaven  
Over the lilac flower!

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

## MR. SOUTHALL'S BIRMINGHAM FRESCO

BY JOHN DRINKWATER.

IN Birmingham last week was unveiled at the central Art Gallery a fresco by Joseph E. Southall. In its spaciousness of design and certainty of handling the work probably excels anything that the artist has yet done, and in it Mr. Southall may also claim to have made an invaluable contribution to the rediscovery of the art of true fresco painting. Having watched the growth of this picture from its early suggestion in cartoon I now am proudly versed in many laws that govern this, one of the most ancient of art rituals. I have learnt something of the preparation of walls, of the laying on of lime, of the mixing and due application of colours. But these things are to the technician, and I would pretend to no authority that is not mine. It is, however, easy, in contemplating this piece of wall so delightfully covered, to feel something of the artist's joy in the covering. The stone, in taking the colour into its very grain instead of merely accepting it on its surface, gives back a quality of texture that is indescribably lovely. Artists for ever nurse dreams of those great habitations in which painting and sculpture shall be rightly used in the adornment of a sublime architecture. The desire is a noble one; its realisation might save the world—rather, the spirit that could soar to its

realisation would assuredly save the world. But until we have some such mighty concentration of artistic energy I am not sure that the radical fitness of wall painting, as against the framed picture, establishes itself. I feel, indeed, that the picture, conceived and created in isolation from all other matter and thereafter existing for its own sake hung upon a wall or folded in a portfolio or how you will, will always have its fundamental justification. Further, with the general standard of public building debased as it is at present the artist cannot commonly hope to find a wall that in receiving his work will lend it dignity or any new significance.

Everyone connected with the Birmingham Art Gallery, for instance, may well be grateful to a man who has at once the genius and the good citizenship to enrich a bare space of wall so splendidly. It is, moreover, highly fortunate for Birmingham that Sir Whitworth Wallis was there to support the artist's proposal and that there was an art committee with sufficient enlightenment to accept it; had it happened otherwise that wall would have meant civic shame, while now it means lasting distinction. But, happy in every way as is this addition to the City's treasure, none can pretend that Mr. Southall's art gains



anything here from its surroundings. The fresco is at the head of the main staircase, well placed merely as to position, but grafted into an architecture that has in it neither power nor breeding. Mr. Southall has given greatly, but it was not in the spirit of the building to give him in return any of that wide and beneficent hospitality that his beloved Primitives found for their art in the Italian homes and churches. He has, however, the satisfaction of having performed the most distinguished and rarest kind of public service: he has created beauty for public use. And, as an artist, he has had the delight of winning a rare and personal quality from his material. We feel that this fresco might be removed to another place without any loss whatever in significance; but we feel, too, that the essential character, indeed, the very life of the work, would be changed if the design were not absorbed into the being of the stone.

The design is of a flower-seller in Corporation Street, Birmingham. Mr. Southall, in a paper written ten years ago, thought, not very hopefully, of a day when the modern world should dress itself beautifully and so justify the painters in using contemporary life as their symbol, just as the Italians did when the streets of Florence and Verona were bright with people who wore brave clothes and lived in comely houses. Whatever may have been the cause—and in these lamentable days every impulse is clouded with suspicion, so that all the splendid hopes that were in our hearts have been touched, may it be but momentarily, with bitterness—the national life during those years since Mr. Southall wrote has been stirring to a new grace and perception, and in no way more obviously than in women's dress. After fifty years or more of almost incomparable dowdiness and vulgarity we suddenly found women moving about in frank colours and with a real perception of line. A beauty that had for long been but a survival of the remoter countryside now came back freely to the streets that had seemed to make a final surrender to blind and ugly stupidity. Mr. Southall eagerly recognised the beauty which he had not expected, and a number of experiments in smaller pictures have culminated in this design,

where life-size figures in the dress of to-day pass with as brave an elegance as the citizens of fourteenth century Viterbo, moving in their daily habit for the eye and hand of Lorenzo, or Holbein's merchant princes coming robed to their sittings from the counting house. The figures themselves, portraits as they nearly all are, nevertheless have a direct simplicity in which again Mr. Southall is in kinship with—not at all in subjection to—the Primitives. Nothing has been a more constant source of danger in modern times to art, not to painting only, but to the drama, to fiction and even to sculpture, as over-characterisation, or the neglect of broad, essential, thrilling character for idiosyncrasy, which should be the business not of the artist but of the *dilettante* in life, and has no profound significance at all.

We have only for a moment to consider the work of the Greek dramatists and sculptors, of the Egyptian carvers, of Boccaccio and Chaucer, of Hokusai and Utamaro, of Shakespeare—despite all the feather-brained talk of the complexity of his creations—of Holbein and Cotman, to realise how serenely untouched all the great artists have been by the accidental vagaries of nature and of human character, which are strangely like those queer and senseless tricks of stone that a dull architect must apply aimlessly even to the simplest of his windows. In his indifference to all such sham wisdom masquerading as subtlety Mr. Southall is in the great tradition of the world's art. First seeing everything, a face or a building or a landscape, in full direct light so that, in his own words,

"strong relief" and "shadow" and "atmosphere" are of small importance, beside "outline, tone and colour," he then paints his subject certainly and simply for these last qualities, careless both of melodramatic effect and of casual externalities, and a very joyful business he makes of it. There would surely be not one of his masters but, seeing this fresco with its grave and rightly sensuous outline, its clear balance of tone, and its cool and fragrant colour so duly mated with the texture of the stone, would gladly applaud the principles to which they disciplined themselves, here manifested anew in a rich and individual creative energy.



CORPORATION STREET BIRMINGHAM  
IN MARCH 1914

## MICE, RATS AND OTHER VERMIN

THE Board of Agriculture give a prominent place on their "Black List" to mice and rats, and I am sure they could not have given a too prominent one, for the mischief done by rodents to farmers is simply incalculable. It is not only what they eat, but what they spoil. Several of the field mice are great at laying by stores, and all the grain that they hide in their holes is wasted. That pretty little mouse, the bank vole, is a great offender in this respect. I recently kept three of these voles in a cage for a time. They were most charming little creatures to watch, being dainty and fascinating in their ways, but it was a revelation



THE MEADOW VOLE.

to see the corn they would carry off and hide. I kept them in a large glass-sided cage in the sitting-room so that I could watch everything they did. Their quarters were furnished with several inches of soil, above which was laid a piece of turf, and they were able to dig and tunnel in the most natural fashion. Among the different foods I gave them were oats, barley and wheat. As soon as a fresh supply of grain was put in, a mouse was sure to come out and begin to carry it off. One vole took in seventy-five pieces of barley in fifteen minutes. She made

with her nose like a dog hiding a bone, but the sixteen other mouthfuls were simply taken down the nearest hole, which she afterwards filled up.

Another time I noticed one of these mice, which had

been hard at work carrying in barley, bring a grain back and drop it outside. It was a light one. If a second mouse came out while number one was carrying in stores there was sure to be a fight, when they pranced around each other with much noise and squeaking, but as far as I could see never came to actual blows. They loved to raid one another's stores,



THE LITTLE HARVEST MOUSE.



OLD MALE YELLOW-NECKED MOUSE.

soon as a fresh supply of grain was put in, a mouse was sure to come out and begin to carry it off. One vole took in seventy-five pieces of barley in fifteen minutes. She made

which often led to disputes, but they soon lost any sense of ownership, and I have seen one of them scratch up corn which I had seen it bury the day before, and proceed to



FIGHTING BANK VOLES.



LONG-TAILED FIELD MOUSE.



re-bury it with all the signs of bustle and excitement that it would have shown had I dropped in a new supply. As far as I could see they forgot their stores as soon as they had laid them by, and most of the grain sprouted and threw up long green blades. Of course, they had plenty of food while under my care, and possibly in a wild state hunger might prompt their memories, but I doubt it, and think it is more probable that they lay away corn and nuts in a promiscuous fashion, which, if lucky, they chance upon in hard times. The squirrel behaves in just the same way, hiding nuts here and there among the grass and leaves, but it is pure luck whether it ever finds them again or not.

The long-tailed mice also carry their superfluous food home, but as far as I have observed they generally carry it into the nest, so they are not quite so wasteful, but nevertheless they are wasteful enough, for the quantity of stuff they will carry underground is surprising. The common—too common—brown rat is also of a provident nature, and in addition to what he eats, and spoils by nibbling, he likes to take home all he can. I remember digging out a rat's hole one day that was stored with acorns; spadeful after spadeful came up, and the labour that rat must have had was astonishing. I had a tame rat once, Whiskers by name, who carried everything he did not want to eat immediately to his sleeping quarters, where he accumulated the strangest collection of odds and ends. What I wish to point out is that, in speaking of the mischief done by mice and rats, we must not only think of what they actually eat, which is serious enough, but also what they carry away and hide. Rats and house mice in the granaries, also in the stacks, where they are joined by the handsome long-tailed mouse and



THE BROWN RAT.



THE OLD ENGLISH RAT (MUS RATTUS).

the bank voles (the latter being specially tiresome in gardens and fields), are ever true to their characters and are eating, eating, storing, storing, all the time.

Of course, the brown rat is the worst of them all, but of the mice I think the bank vole is really the most mischievous, for it is practically omnivorous in its diet. I found my mice ate greedily wheat, barley, oats and Indian corn; also strawberries, gooseberries and apples, to say nothing of nuts of all kinds, many berries, and various green foods, such as lettuce and the growing blades of the different grains. Crocus bulbs they were very fond of, but they would not touch those of

the different narcissi. From this short and by no means exhaustive list it will be easily understood what damage this species is capable of doing in gardens, coverts and fields. Not that the bank vole is found so numerous in the open meadows; it leaves these to its grass feeding relative, the meadow vole. This latter mouse, a pretty little dark brown creature, is, when in sufficient numbers, capable of doing no end of harm to pastures. It lives entirely on the succulent stems of the young grasses, which it nibbles away, leaving the upper part of the grass blade to wither and dry up and form a covering for its run. A field badly infested with voles will show these pathways radiating in all directions beneath the brown rubbishy looking grass. The chief thing to do is to encourage the natural foes of these mice, namely, owls, hawks (chiefly the kestrel), the weasel and the stoat. I know that few people give the latter animal the credit of killing anything but rabbits, yet I have several times seen a stoat with a vole in its jaws. On one occasion my companion shot the stoat, and we found it was a big female meadow vole that it had in its



THE COMMON ENEMY OF ALL THE MICE.



mouth, and which it was carrying off to eat, no doubt, in some quiet spot. This vole had evidently been engaged in rearing a large family, and in killing her the stoat had probably accounted for some seven or eight young ones as well. The meadow voles are most prolific. I had three females and a male for a time, and the first family made its appearance on June 3rd. It numbered ten, but before I

released them on the 21st of the following month there were twenty-six youngsters, and yet it is a well known rule that captivity diminishes the fertility of wild animals!

Creatures which help to keep down the numbers of these mischievous little animals are the badger and the fox. The former is very fond of a nest of young field voles, and the latter likes a nice warm, furry morsel; but, of course, the brown owl by night and the kestrel by day do more than all the others put together, for they live chiefly upon field mice. Yet, given a favourable season, even their constant attention will hardly keep the voles within bounds, and a vole plague is a very serious matter. The best course to follow is to feed the pastures down as close as possible and burn off the old rubbishy grass which the stock refuse to eat. By these means the voles are deprived of cover and exposed to the attacks of their natural foes. Of course, these latter should not be destroyed; but at the present time, when game preservation is reduced to a minimum, owls, hawks, stoats, jays, etc., are enjoying a freedom from persecution which has not been their lot for years.

As far as mice in the garden are concerned there is no remedy to equal two or three good cats. The garden around my home was infested with mice of all descriptions, meadow voles, bank voles, long-tailed mice and the uncommon, handsome, yellow-necked mice; but since the stock of cats was increased, the mice have shown a notable decrease. Before they were a serious nuisance. The long-tails even got into the beehives, where they ate the honey and destroyed the bees. In one case it was a beautiful yellow-necked mouse that did the deed. He was found curled up in a snug nest of leaves amid a litter of comb and dead bees. He took a flying leap for safety, but was captured alive and unhurt after a "brilliant five minutes across the open!" These yellow-necked mice (*Apodemus flavicollis wintoni*) is a large and handsome race of the common long-tailed mouse, *A. sylvaticus*) are quite common here, and differ somewhat in their habits from their near relation, the ordinary long-tail. For instance, the latter is seldom taken in houses, but the yellow-neck frequently invades cellars, larders and storerooms. It is also a bad culprit in the matter of fruit stealing. The mice which bite the strawberries off and then leave them to rot in little heaps are nearly always yellow-necks. Towards the end of the summer these mice and their smaller relations betake themselves to the cornfields, where they wax fat and sleek. Some are carried back to the farmsteads in the sheaves when the corn is "lugged," but a great many, especially of the smaller race, remain on the stubbles eating the corn left on the ground, until they are ploughed out of their holes. If the ploughman takes the trouble, or has a sharp little terrier with him, he can kill scores. At one time, when I had pet owls to feed, I used to commission the men to get me all they could, and big bundles of mice were



BADGERS HUNTING AMONG THE FALLEN LEAVES.

regularly brought in; but the yellow-necks were a minority, the "bag" consisting chiefly of the typical long-tails. Undoubtedly it is better to plough as soon as possible in any place where the mice are likely to be troublesome.

By the way, I have nearly forgotten to mention that most beautiful of the mice found in the grain, namely, the tiny harvest mouse.

Found chiefly in the Southern Counties, and nowhere plentiful, this dainty yellow-brown sprite may be forgiven what little corn it eats, especially as it is one of those species which are decreasing rather than increasing. Some people say (but I do not think the evidence goes for much) that modern machinery is the cause.

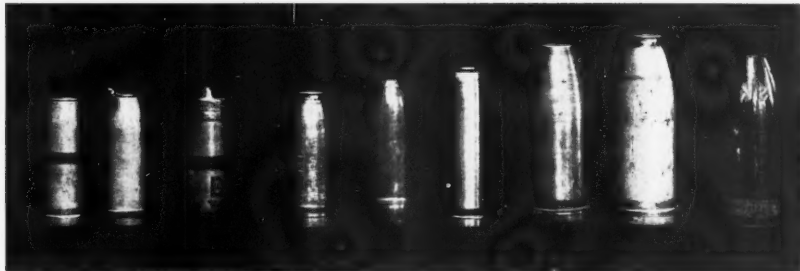
To go back to the long-tailed mice. Once they have got all they can in the stubbles, those which have not already departed to the farmsteads, gardens, etc., make for the hedges, where they live sumptuously as long as the berries last. The remains of their feasts may be seen in old birds' nests, which are often filled to the brim with rinds of hips and haws. When all the nuts and berries are eaten they have to travel on again, and many of them come into the farmyards, or even reach the granaries, but as far as the latter are concerned they are really the domain of the brown rat and the house mouse, which I verily believe do more mischief and waste more good food than all the other rats and mice put together. Of course, in many seaports the old English or black rat aids their endeavours in the great warehouses, but its numbers are too few for it to be a serious factor. This is the rat which was the common rat before the introduction of the brown rat, but the old stock seems to have entirely disappeared, and the few black rats (by the way, as often as not these rats are not black, but they are easily distinguished, being much more elegant and mouse-like) that we have are fresh importations that come into the ports on ships. I believe that the original stock was exterminated by the brown rat killing off its young ones, for the full-grown individuals are too active to easily fall victims to the big ferocious newcomer. Why I say this is that many of my captive black rats have escaped from their cages—in which they had bred freely—and taken up their abode in the farm buildings, but have all eventually, sometimes after several months, been recaptured, and I have never found any young ones or seen any trace of them. I attributed this to the common rats which inhabited the same buildings.

There is no doubt that rats take a lot of keeping down, especially where there are many animals and one has to be very cautious what measures one takes, but at a time like the present it is a national duty to keep these mischievous rodents within limits, and all possible allies should be treated with respect, creatures like the weasel being protected whenever possible, for there is nothing like a weasel living in the stacks to keep them free from rats and mice. It will kill nearly all the mice, many young rats, and frighten away their parents. The barn owl, too, is of great value, but, as I have said before, all the owls (save that small sinner, the little owl!) should be encouraged, for the number of mice, young rats and voles they destroy is simply incalculable.

FRANCES PITT.

## THE WAR OF BIG SHELLS

Photographs showing the Growth in Size of Shells during the Course of the War



These interesting photographs, taken with the courteous permission of the Ministry of Munitions, show how the war has developed into a contest of big guns. No country, save perhaps Austria, anticipated this development at the outbreak of hostilities. Germany had, it is true, a few large howitzers at the siege of Liège and Namur, but not till after her crushing defeat in the battle of the Marne did she realise the part to be played by the large howitzer. When the full history of Verdun comes to be written it will be known what huge guns were lugged over Belgium for use there. The shells are strictly in proportion, and their growth in size may be ascertained by following them as one would read lines of print. The monster which comes at the end weighs pretty nearly a ton.



**P**OUNDISFORD was a park or hunting ground of the bishops of Winchester, who from Saxon times held the great manor of Taunton Dean, which included not only town and castle but also a vast tract of country around. Of this manor Poundisford was a hundred or division and took in a large part of the parish of Pitminster, where, as we read in Collinson's History of the County, "one of the ailes of the church is called the *Poundisford Aile* and was the burial place of the family of Hill." From the same source we learn that Sir John Hill of Hounsdon in Edward III's time had a son Robert who married the heiress of Spaxton, but that the male line ended under Henry VI and Spaxton knew the name of Hill no more. But the Poundisford Hills claimed descent from the Spaxton family, and may well have been a junior branch that settled in Taunton Town and there made money in commerce. Certainly we find a Robert Hill one of the two feodaries and bailiffs of Taunton in 1526, and in 1544 he is a "bailiff of the bailiwick of the whole lordship or manor of Taunton and Taunton Dean, and sealer of all measures within the castle, borough and lordship aforesaid"; while, under Elizabeth, both a Robert and a Roger Hill represent the town in Parliament. There can be no doubt that these were the men who had made Poundisford their home. The park was divided in 1534, when Bishop Gardiner granted long leases of the two portions to two of Taunton's leading burgesses. There appears to have already been a lodge on the western close, and here one "Roger Hill, son of

William Hill of Yard," established himself, while his elder son William "not being willing to live an idle life during his father's lifetime, employed himself as a Merchant, and traded to foreign parts." When William returned home he found his father dead and, through the machinations of the mother, his younger brother in possession of the patrimony. Meanwhile the eastern close, known as Poundisford Park, had been leased for ninety-nine years to John Soper. Whether he began housing himself there or merely used it as a cattle grazing area does not appear, but in 1546 he parted with his lease to William Hill, who thereupon either continued or began anew building operations. The appearance is of a Henry VIII structure with interior features of the Elizabethan age, and hence the surmise that William Hill merely completed what his predecessor had begun, and was in no haste to do so. His brother Robert, no doubt the feodary, was equally active at the Lodge, and thus we have two quite neighbouring houses retaining a Henry VIII character, but with subsequent alterations and additions which also have much similitude, due, no doubt, to their having been held as more or less one property by succeeding families. Their history, therefore, as well as their aspect are closely alike and must be treated as one, although the Park is alone illustrated to-day, while the Lodge will appear next week.

The most important elevation of the Park is to the north, and opens on to the lawn (Fig. 1). Its interest lies in showing the extent to which before the close of Henry VIII's reign a desire for symmetry was ousting the mediæval conditions where





the elevation took its form from the plan, instead of the latter having to conform to the former. A remarkable example of early symmetry is presented by Barrington Court, a Somerset home lying a dozen miles south-east of Poundisford. It was built by the Lord D'Aubenev who held the estate between 1514 and 1548, and its date will nearly coincide with the years when work was going on at the Park. The windows of the two houses are identical in the form of

Elizabethan arrangement for smaller houses which admitted of symmetry being reached without a central porch has more than once been alluded to in these pages, and on May 20th Llanvihangel Court was illustrated as an example of it. Here the main hall window is given the central place, one of the lesser projections forms the oriel as in the larger houses, but the other is the porch which, in order that it might have a matching window to its front, was entered at the side.



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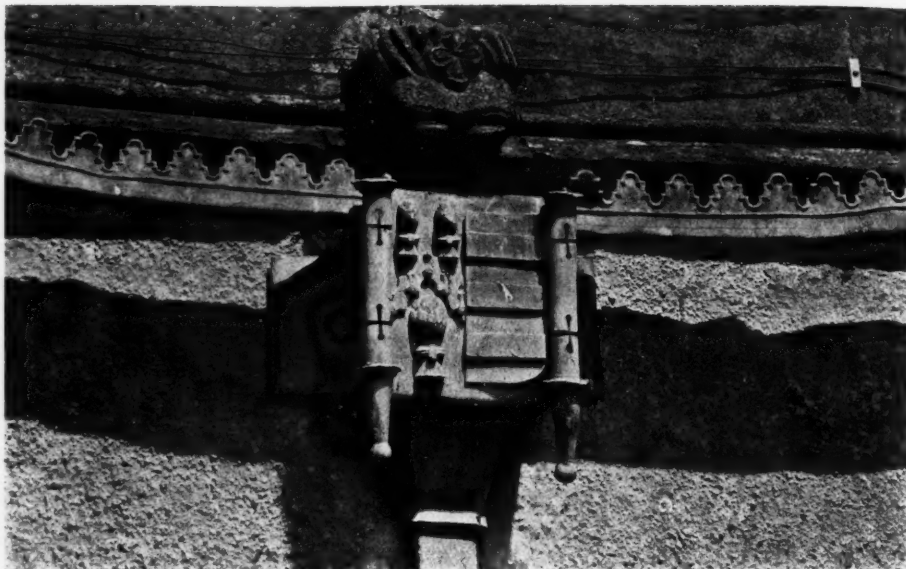
2.—LOOKING THROUGH THE CURTAIN WALL INTO THE COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

their arch-headed lights and the drip moulding above, and although Barrington Court is a far larger and nobler house, there is similarity in detail and in the effort after symmetry. At Barrington the full E form which became prevalent in large houses under Elizabeth is attained, with its central porch and far outstretching gabled wings, while between the porch and the wings lesser gabled projections accommodate a hall oriel and a staircase. But an

Thus the central block was compressed, and a satisfactory grouping of parts attained without considerable projection of the wings. Such was the plan of Llanvihangel and other Elizabethan houses, and we now find that it was already reached under Henry VIII, for it is exactly present at Poundisford, except that the feeling for symmetry was not quite strong enough to force the door round the corner. The interior arrangement, though still mediæval, also shows

attention to the balancing of parts. In order that pairs of arched entrances may face each other in the interior of the hall there are also a porch and an oriel on the entrance side. But on the exterior the space between shows no recess. It is filled up by the mass of the hall chimney and by a little newel stairway leading up to the gallery which occupies the space over the porches and the passage behind the screens. This gallery (Fig. 9) is lighted at both ends, and has a plaster frieze and ceiling of Elizabethan type. Instead of being open to the hall and protected by a parapet or balustrade it is enclosed, for the hall screen (Fig. 6) is topped by a plaster cove which carries a partition pierced only by a little bowed out window of four lights from which the hall (Fig. 7) may be observed from the gallery. Except that it has pendentives, the hall ceiling is similar to that of the gallery, and the friezes are the same. This work cannot date before Elizabeth's time as it was only then that there arose an English school of plasterers, deriving their forms from the earlier stone vaultings or panelled wood ceilings. At the two Poundisfords they wrought about 1590, that date appearing at the Lodge, as we shall see next week. The present arrangement of screen and gallery at the Park may be of the same date. No doubt the massive turned posts are part of the original arrangement, and when the alteration was made smaller turned work was added to meet the cove, door-cases and doors were set in front of the old posts at the two entrances, and the three intervening spaces were filled in with wainscoting. The delightful hexagonal lantern case, giving light both to hall and passages, has the same turning as the additions to the post, while the hinges of one of the doors and the latches of both are of a type which arose before the sixteenth century ended and continued during large part



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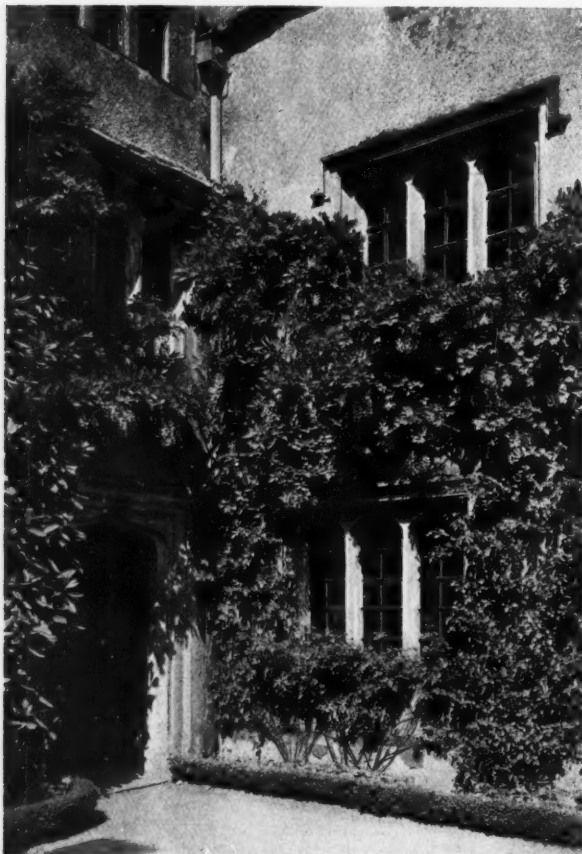
3.—A RAIN-WATER HEAD AND GUTTER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the next. Of the same period and equal excellence are the casement fastenings of many of the windows, including



4.—THE LEAD CISTERN IN THE COURT.



5.—THE SUNNY CORNER OF THE COURT.

that in the partition above the screen. Facing it, at the east end of the hall, the plaster decoration includes the arms of Queen Elizabeth, while the Tudor rose appears in the main window with a very delicate border, mainly in yellow, having winged boys' heads and flowers as its chief motifs. Heraldic roundels also occur in the window of the upstairs room west of the hall, where there is a shield of Hill impaling Troubridge. The Visitation of Somerset, taken in 1623, shows that the grandfather of the then Hill of Poundisford was William, the elder son of Roger of the Lodge and that he was the husband of Anne Troubridge. We have seen him coming into possession in 1546 and he lived on till 1593, so that not only late Henry VIII features, but all those of Elizabethan date may be attributed to him. Out of the room with the stained glass roundels



is a dressing - closet, lying over the hall oriel. It has a little squint window looking down into the hall. The room itself and likewise the corresponding one beyond the hall gallery have Elizabethan ceilings and friezes. The exterior, on the other hand, except for the eighteenth century east wing, retains its Henry VIII characteristics. On the south or entrance front the house forms three sides of a little court which, on the fourth, is closed in by a curtain wall pierced by an archway. The view of the sun-bathed enclosure seen through the arch (Fig. 2) is delightful. A wistaria hangs its flower tresses (Fig. 5) about the ancient windows and the porch doorway with its carved spandrels. To the left a magnolia surrounds the tall single light window of the little stairway that leads to the gallery whose south window appears above the doorway. Beyond, again, are the rain-water head and cistern, shown in separate illustrations (Figs. 3 and 4). The continued connection between Park and Lodge is evidenced by the presence at the latter of a cistern having the selfsame frieze of acts of horticulture or husbandry and a date only one year earlier, but with different initials. Relatives in the female line inhabited and renovated the Lodge, but both leases remained to the Hills, who certainly appear to have continuously occupied the Park up to the close of the seventeenth century. On the stile of the panelling of an upstairs closet we find inscribed in half-inch letters: Jane Fil. R. Hill Nat. Apr. 6, 1638. We learn from the 1623 Visitation of Somerset that William Hill, who married Anne Troubridge and completed the building of the house, was succeeded by his son Roger, no doubt the M.P. for Taunton, who was succeeded by his son William, the owner, in 1623, who then had a son Roger, aged seventeen. William



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6.—THE HALL SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



lived till 1642, and Jane will have been his sister. Whether Roger Hill, mayor of Taunton in 1633, was his son is uncertain, for he was only twenty-eight at the time. But soon after that he made his name as an anti-royalist lawyer who, when the royalist member ceased to sit for Bridport in 1645, was returned to the Long Parliament for that borough and was named in the commission to try the King, but never sat. Cromwell made him a baron of the Exchequer, but at the Restoration he disappeared from public life and lost the rich prize that had been assigned to him, at the expense of the Bishop of Winchester. Walter Curle was not a strong prelate, and the victorious party merely ignored his person while seizing the temporalities of his see. He was in Winchester Castle when Cromwell obtained its surrender in October, 1645, but was allowed to slip away to a sister's house and exist on the bounty of friends. The estates were disposed of to partizans and the reversion of the great Taunton Dean Manor fell to the share of Judge Hill, the conveyance being made out to him and to Brampton Gurdon of Assington in Suffolk, father of the second of his three wives, who was mother to his successor, Sir Roger Hill. Although the Winchester bishopric regained its estates at the Restoration, the Hill family do not appear to have been greatly impoverished, while Roger, the younger, after his father's death in 1667, was in sufficiently good odour with Charles II's government to obtain knighthood. Soon after he acquired a Buckinghamshire estate and built thereon a stately house. Denham Place still belongs to the descendants of one of his daughters, and in the church near by he was buried in 1729. The purchase of the Denham Estate in 1670 was not immediately followed by the relinquishment of Poundisford, of which the leases of both Park and Lodge were acquired by Dr. Simon Welman in 1704. Sir Roger seems certainly to have been the disposer of one if not of both the renewed leases held under



8.—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CEILING IN PRESENT BILLIARD-ROOM.



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9.—THE GALLERY OVER THE SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the bishop, but it is uncertain whether he lived at the Park until his removal to Denham, where he did not build the new and still surviving house till the century was closing. But there are indications of Hill's occupation of the Park in his time. There is diversity in the family heraldry. For instance, the Hills of Hounsdon and Spaxton, from which Sir Roger claimed descent, bore a chevron between three water bougets, while those of Taunton, Poundisford and Denham replaced the bougets with garbs. That coat we find at Poundisford Park both in the sixteenth century glass of the windows and in the seventeenth century rain-water head in the court (Fig. 3). As regards the crest, Burke gives a dove holding a sprig for Spaxton, Taunton and Denham, but an eagle holding an acorn for Poundisford. Yet Poundisford and Denham were held by the same man, and the mid-seventeenth century ceiling (Fig. 8) of what is now the billiard-room at the Park has the dove and sprig as its central plaster ornament. Did the eagle arise as a misconception of the bird seen on the lead cistern (Fig. 4) that catches the water from the heraldic water-head already mentioned? Perhaps the bird is somewhat eagle-like, but the dove and sprig were certainly intended. The date, 1671, is one year later than the acquisition of Denham, as given in Lipscombe's "Buckinghamshire." The initials are W. H. H., and not those of Sir Roger. The last William Hill we hear of was his grandfather, but a later one is implied by the cistern, which closes the association of Poundisford with the family that had held the two sections of the estate and impressed the mark of their successive generations upon its buildings during the greater part of two centuries.

The new owners did somewhat more at the Lodge than at the Park, and therefore the little there is to be said about them shall be deferred to next week. But they made additions at the Park, throwing out the drawing-room wing at the north-east corner and erecting a very finished little garden house in the manner which became fashionable in England when Dutch William was its king (Fig. 10). The creepers rather obscure the well moulded brick pediment above its doorway, but do not overwhelm the cornice with its carved wood modillions supporting the overhanging eaves of its pyramidal roof with bold finial. We shall find a structure, extremely similar but more important, at the Lodge garden.



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10.—THE GARDEN HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The chief architectural interest of Poundisford Park lies in its retention of so much of the plan and elevation of what was a typical English house of the latter half of Henry VIII's reign. It was a moment when new ideas as to disposition and decoration were happily married with mediæval tradition and Gothic form. A native style of much worth and beauty was the result, and the sadly sparse survivals are valuable to us not merely from antiquarian interest, but also as a practical study. The ancient features of Poundisford Park should be retained with zealous care.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## I BELIEVE

(Suggested from the Chinese.)

Yea, I believe in flowers that seem to fade  
But live for ever in the heart; and trees,  
And tender little plants that unafraid  
Breathe at their feet. And I believe in these,  
The friendly, laughing waters of the world;  
And friendships of the clouds, and winds, and rain;  
The bridal sea with the moon's kiss empearled,  
And every faithful star that shines and fain  
Would lighten half the world from out the blue.  
And I believe the cool, grey shadows feel  
Down every burning path their feet pursue  
The peace they make. And, lo! the source and seal  
Of my belief is Love, and thence I know  
The Joy of all the ages . . . Even so.

LILIAN STREET.



# OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

## XI.—SHERBORNE

BY ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE wisdom of our fathers of old has sometimes been questioned by sceptics on the ground that whenever they had it in mind to found an establishment for the education of youth they were accustomed to select a site of the barrenest and most unhealthy character imaginable. There is something, perhaps, in the criticism; but to any such generality Sherborne at any rate stands out as a shining exception. It would be difficult indeed to imagine an environment more wholesome, more pastoral, or more romantic. From whichever direction the traveller approaches it—over the rocky Mendips; along the lush water-meadows by Yeovil; through the wooded height of Honeycombe; or (following the line of the railway) amid the clustering orchards of the

confessed that the evidence is mainly legendary. It is certain that St. Ealdhelm founded a school here in 705; that Stephen Harding, the Cistercian, was a boy there in the twelfth century; that the establishment was broken up in the days of the Great Pillage and re-founded eleven years later, in 1550, by Sherborne's universally recognised patron, "King Edward the Sixth of Pious Memory," by whose means, as the daily bidding prayer reminds the school, "they are here brought up in sound learning and true religion under watchful governors and tutors." But the faith of Sherborne goes further still; and there is at least enough probability to justify the belief, never to be relinquished by any true Shirburnian, that King Alfred was among the earliest of Ealdhelm's beneficiaries, and



SCHOOL-HOUSE STUDIES AND CHAPEL: FORMERLY ABBOT'S LODGINGS.

Blackmore Vale—he is conscious, long before he sees the low, square Abbey Tower which is Sherborne's guardian land-mark, that his way lies among the pleasantest places of the West Country. And as the pinnacles grow nearer, and the long winding street of the little Dorsetshire town begins to climb the hill between its old grey gabled houses, he must be dull of soul indeed who does not catch something of that ineradicable sentiment to which the memory of every Sherborne boy responds, however wide the interval of time and place which may part him from the triumphs and the inspirations of his school days.

Sherborne is buried in the country, and lies at the same time in the lap of English history; and this double charm, pastoral and romantic, is the secret of its hold upon its sons. It is the country of Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders," and the roughly melodious dialect of Barnes' peasantry is still the common language round the conduit in the market-place. It is the country of the Anglo-Saxons also, the "Fons Limpidus" of the monks, the old capital of Wessex, the burying place of Æthelbald and Æthelbert, the abbot's domicile of Roger of Caen. The oldest of the school buildings were themselves part of the venerable monastery, founded at least 1,200 years ago; and their site has been a place of education ever since the history of England emerged from the mists of tradition into the clear sunlight of verifiable record. Small wonder that a love for what is old and venerable, and an almost religious respect for tradition, have always been the hall-marks of generation after generation of Sherborne boys. Of course, there is much that is dear to the Shirburnian of which it must be

that he left behind him a salutary example for the edification of his successors.

When King Alfred was at Sherborne, he was just like you and me,  
He began at the bottom of the school;  
He paid his chapel-fines, and he wrote his share of lines,  
And was smacked if he played the fool.  
So face life cheerily, as Alfred did of old,  
And when things are looking gloomy, recollect:  
If you're feeling rather sore, he went through it all before,  
And what can you expect!

In early days, however, Sherborne School was chiefly of local importance: it was the *impensis schola publica* of the town and neighbourhood, with a small staff of masters, and less than a hundred scholars in all. Its limits may be gauged roughly, if we stand in what was once known as the School Barton at the east end of the Abbey, with the building which is now the School-house dining-room before us, and the Master's Common Room on the left. The last-named building, which was somewhat sacrilegiously "conveyed" to the school from the Lady Chapel of the Abbey, formed, until comparatively modern times, the Headmaster's house, while the dining-hall, rebuilt in 1670, was the big schoolroom of the period, and accommodated all the pupils at once. The statue of Edward VI, richly coloured, in a niche above the dais, has stood in its place for 300 years, since it was carved by one Godfrey Arnold at the modest charge of £9 5s. 4d.! But this little irregularly shaped enclosure, the nucleus of Sherborne School, was invaded by a great creative spirit of construction when the



founder of modern Sherborne was appointed Headmaster in 1850. Hugo Daniel Harper was to Sherborne what Arnold was to Rugby: he made the place and its reputation. He found it a small grammar school of about thirty boys, and he left it, little more than a quarter of a century later, with close upon three hundred names upon the roll. Under his ægis the old monastic buildings were restored to the school use; he built the spreading and comfortable School House; he laid the plans for the Big School, and for most of the many modern classrooms which now surround the Courts. And the lasting monument to "Old Dan's" splendid energy is a group of buildings, surely unrivalled for their happy blending of old and new, in which the Abbot's Lodgings, Guesten Hall, and Garth of the ancient monastic foundation are supplemented by additions in perfect harmony, all built of that golden Ham stone, the peculiar glory of West Country architecture, which never looks quite new, and yet endures the rain and wind of the ages with indomitable fortitude. The view from the main gateway in the north corner of the school precincts, looking across to the Abbot's Lodging (now the School House studies), with the chapel cloister continuing it to the east, and above all the great tower of the Abbey, presiding like a guardian angel over her children, is the picture which every old Shirburnian cherishes in his mind, whenever the name of Sherborne falls "like passing music" across his memory "among new men, strange faces, other minds."

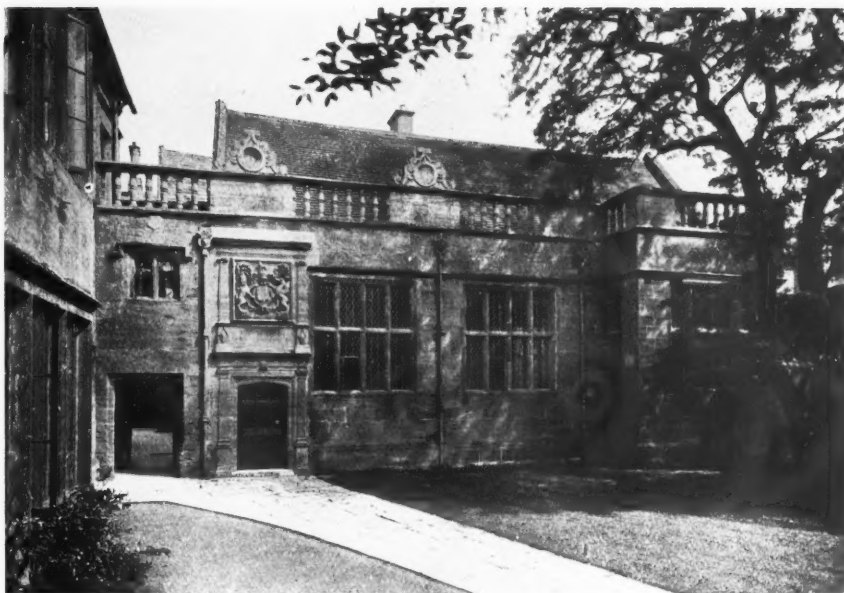
And what of the life that is lived amid these rich and memorable surroundings? For every school has its own secret, if one can only arrive at it, its own communicable savour and inspiration. And one thing certainly Sherborne has learnt from her peaceful, countryside environment. She is not noisy, self-advertising, materially up-to-date. Her school songs, of which she has not yet learnt, like some of her contemporaries, to speak lightly or depreciatingly, tell everywhere the tale of quiet, confident allegiance to the memories of the past. Mr. James Rhoades, who for years kept the love of literature alive at Sherborne, has caught the spirit of the place with sensitive fidelity, and embodied it in delicate lyric verse:

Fair and grey and ancient,  
On the flow'ry lea,  
Nestling 'neath the hillside,  
Stands the school for me,

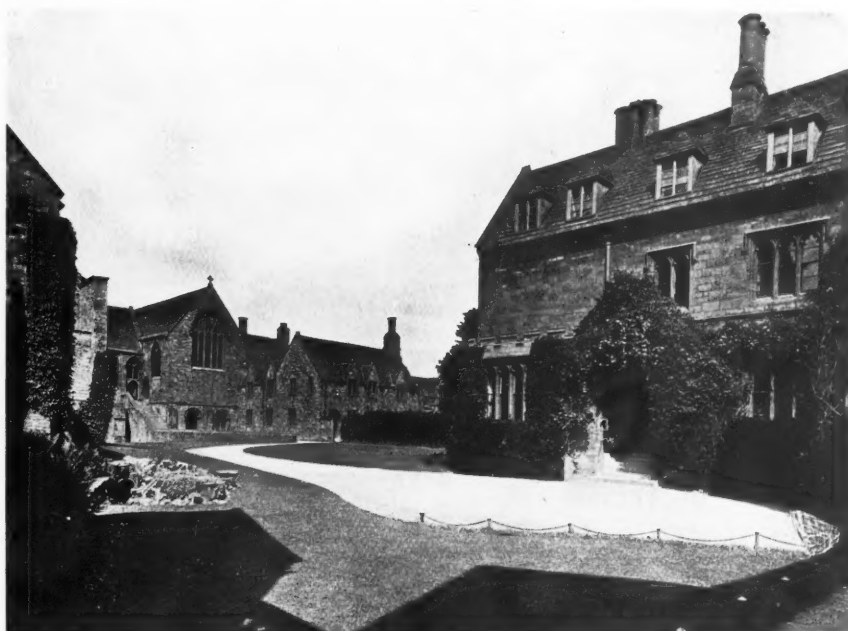
he sings, and weaving together the legends of Camelot and the history of the Tudor age, when Walter Raleigh himself was lord of Sherborne Castle, he illumines a shining message from the days of chivalry:

Raleigh's shade majestic,  
Hovering o'er us pleads:  
Be your Eldorado  
Golden thoughts and deeds.

And perhaps the heart of Sherborne has always been the heart of a dreamer. She sends her sons out into the world with an exhortation to achievement, but her own



OLD SCHOOL BARTON: NOW SCHOOL-HOUSE DINING HALL.



HEADMASTER'S HOUSE, CHAPEL AND STUDIES.



THE OLD CLOISTERS.

spirit has always been that of the homing dove, devoted to its own grey stone gables.

We shall watch you here in our peaceful cloister

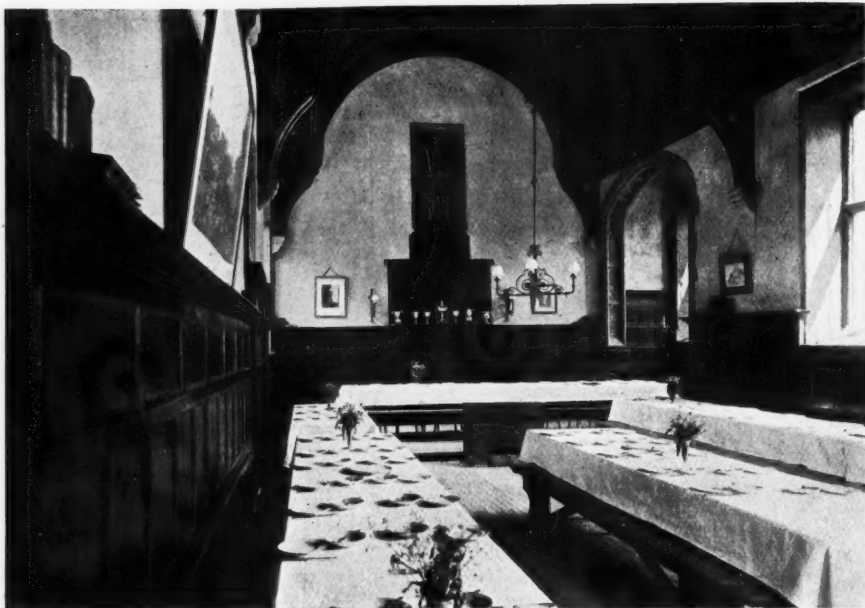
Faring onward, some to renown, to fortune ;  
Some to failure ; none, if your hearts  
are loyal,

None to dishonour.

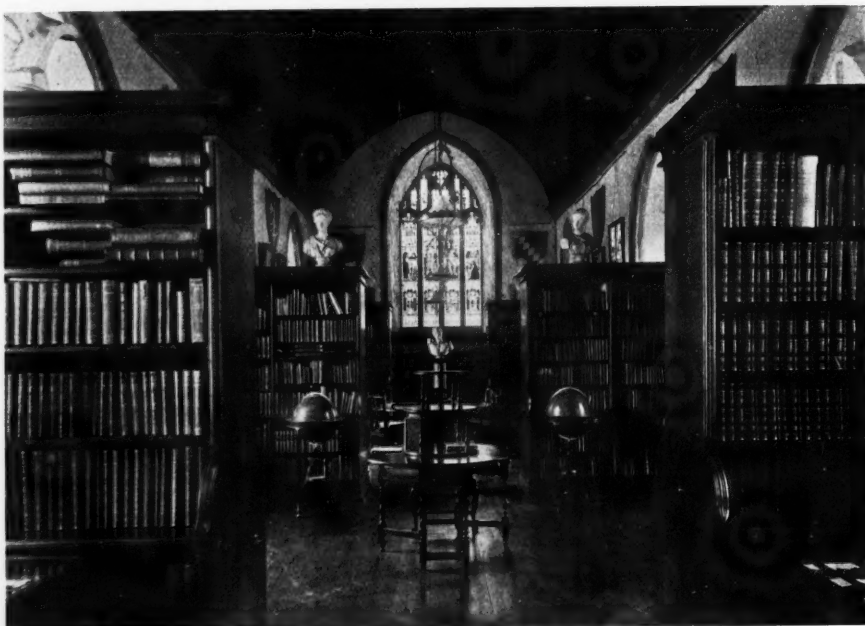
There is always the spirit of the home about Sherborne, and no school is sincerer in its welcome to old boys, however long they may stay away. The old Benedictine tradition of hospitality, under which the monastery was reared, has well survived the changes of four hundred years ! Perhaps that is the reason why the names in the school list repeat themselves so persistently from generation to generation. Most fathers like to send their sons where they know that they themselves are certain of a welcome.

But when we acknowledge that Sherborne is a dreamer, we would not for a moment have it imagined that her energy is apt to lose the name of action. In the summer term, when the Abbey chimes sound more than commonly mellow and serene, when the meadows round the Yeo are full of king-cups, and the soft air of the west can scarcely stir the lime trees in the Courts, there is perhaps some temptation to take life easily at Sherborne. And, indeed, her cricket teams have never quite attained to the distinction which seems somehow due to one of the best run-getting grounds in the country. But, "when on the autumn slopes beech trees are browning," the soul of Sherborne comes into its own. As a home of Rugby football, Sherborne will yield precedence to no school of her own size, nor, indeed, to many who are much larger, and for years she has been fortunate, according to her desert, in having her games watched over by one of the keenest sportsmen who ever learnt their football on her own field. To many generations of boys Sherborne football and "John" Carey have been synonymous terms, and even now, though it is nearly twenty years since he last wore an International cap, there are many who will confess that, when they see him suddenly stride upon the field, scatter a practice side in all directions, take his place in the scrum, and heave a whole side over in his demonstration of "how to do the thing," the tremendous vitality of the Sherborne games-master seems like an imperishable type of all that Sherborne has achieved, in her more militant aspect, through all the quarters of the globe.

But we do not go to school only to play football, nor even perhaps chiefly to acquire that commendable prowess. And there are many to whom the memories of Sherborne are not so much of the triumphant blue and gold,



SCHOOL-HOUSE DINING HALL : FORMERLY SCHOOL ROOM (1670).



LIBRARY : FORMERLY MONKS' GUESTEN HALL.



SCHOOL CHAPEL WITH FIFTEENTH CENTURY ROOF.



which adorn her representatives upon the field, as of a world of tender and humane associations, the first enlightenment of art and music, the first breath of poetry, the first faint glimmering of the elusive meaning of life. And Sherborne has always been essentially a fosterer of taste and appreciation. Her music is among the best; her literary opportunities are many; her chapel services, without any tendency to ritual or dogma, are dignified and inspiring. Some of the best school sermons that ever compelled boys to listen have been delivered in Sherborne chapel. It was not for nothing that the author of "Jerusalem the Golden" imbibed his love of poetry and of religion under the shadow of King Ina's Abbey. For he has had many followers, who have felt the first touch of spiritual impulse in the atmosphere of faith and tradition which fills the Sherborne precincts with a fragrance of divine suggestion.

And, first and last—first seen at dawn and last to vanish in the twilight—it is the abiding, brooding presence of Sherborne Abbey which preserves the spirit of Sherborne School. The buildings cluster round it, like chickens under the mother's wing. They sprang from its service in the past, and they obey the summons of its bells to-day. The boy who has stood under the elm trees in the Court and watched the early dawn gilding the tower, surrounded on every side by a fabric whose roots are cast deep into the heart of mediævalism—that boy has already learnt the lesson that his fealty to Sherborne makes him one with the mothering heart of

England, and demands of him no less a sacrifice than was demanded of the chivalry of old, to whose high traditions he is raised an heir.

For us, we are born, we perish; our days are few.  
Thy days are many; to-day thou art born anew;  
Immortal amidst our three-score years and ten,  
For the ages to be we bless thee, Mother of men!

SHERBORNE.

*Scireburnia! Mater! Ave atque Vale!*

Grey cloisters dim,  
Worn by five centuries' tread:  
Paths drear and grim,  
Dreaming of hours sped:  
Deep glooms and hollow echoes; ghostly light  
Of starless night.

Bright sunlit court,  
Where summer's glory falls:  
Rich colours wrought  
By sunset on old walls:  
Where mellow bells ring their carillon chime  
All the long time.

Gold summer days,  
When Youth and Love were sweet;  
Where Age betrays  
No hope with faltering feet:  
I shall remember these whate'er betide  
Till eventide.

ALEC R. WAUGH.

## IN THE GARDEN

### HARDY FLOWERS AT WOODSIDE, CHENIES, BUCKS.

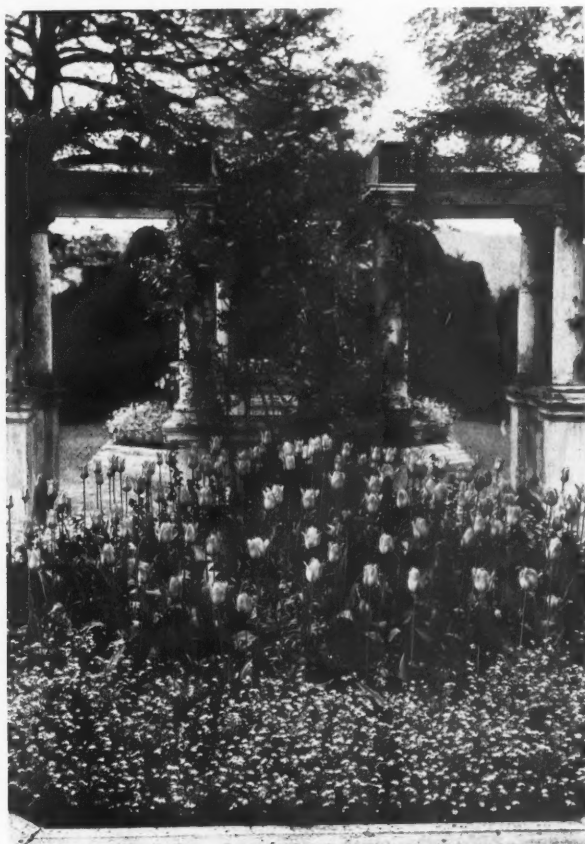
THE little river Chess flows through the beautiful gardens of Adeline Duchess of Bedford at Woodside, Chenies, Bucks. It is a delightful situation for a picturesque garden containing many handsome trees without being too shaded, and with a steep slope on the right bank of the stream that has been laid out with consummate skill, the best use being made of the natural surroundings. On the left bank of the stream runs a well filled rock garden bank, with a grass path separating the upper part from that which is next to the water's edge. This pleasing feature of the garden was only made four years ago, but from its finished look and

the splendour of the large, spreading masses of alpenes and bold clumps of other hardy flowers it might have been made a score of years ago. The little known *Bocconia microcarpa*, which is so handsome in foliage, makes a bold display on the river's bank in company with the magnificent *Gunnera* and moisture loving Irises. It must not be thought that this garden does not show signs of the scarcity of labour, for it does and unmistakably so; but the few who are left to maintain it spare no pains to keep up the garden and lawns as well as they can until happier times when they hope for the return of their comrades.

It may, perhaps, prove interesting to many to hear of some of the plants which give great satisfaction in this rock garden.



THE ROCK AND WATER GARDEN.



TULIPS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.



In the first place, Saxifrages are grown in great profusion. The encrusted Saxifrages are remarkably fine, some of the cushions being fully 18 in. to 2 ft. across, while the now well known bathoniensis bears masses of its brilliant flowers, and oppositifolia, Wallacei and Burseriana Gloria contribute to the grandeur of the display earlier in the year. Bold masses of the lovely Lithospermum Heavenly Blue are mingled with the fragrant Daphne Cneorum, the alpine Phloxes and Auriculas; of the latter, Golden Queen is exceptionally good. Large tufts of Dianthus Spencer Bickham and plumarius look very happy with drifts of Myosotis Pyramid Pink, Viola gracilis, Sea Pinks,

Viola Chenies Blue, also an admirable bedding plant, the flowers being of a rich deep blue. The gardens are also noted for their wonderful strain of Polyanthus, grown in endless variety in borders and in the wild garden. Unlike the Munstead strain, which embraces only flowers of yellow tones, the Woodside strain includes flowers of all shades, among them pink, claret red, and others nearly black.

The Tulips have been a great success at Chenies this year, as may be gathered from the accompanying illustrations. Darwin Tulips were well chosen for the formal beds near to the Duchess's residence. No other flowers could fit in with the

surroundings so beautifully. Tulips are again seen in their right place at the foot of the stone columns of the pergola in what was originally a pond court garden. The pond has been covered in and replaced by a fountain with an exquisite marble basin. The fountain is enclosed by four pairs of stone columns in octagonal form and joined at the top with large oak beams, over which Rambler Roses grow and flower profusely. The Yew hedge surrounding the pergola and fountain court adds seclusion and dignity to the enclosure. This garden is approached from the house and higher ground by a terraced stairway, bordered with well filled flower beds. The north opening of the court leads across a bridge over the river Chess to a paved Rose garden and a very pleasant lawn adjoining an old mill on the boundary of the garden. It is interesting to note that this was the first of the important gardens designed by Mr. E. L. Lutyens for an existing house. In the fountain court garden we see the gorgeous yellow Tulip Gesneriana lutea and its brilliant red replica, Gesneriana major, over a groundwork of Wallflower Blood Red and the delightful Forget-me-not Royal Blue. The large tree in the background is Quercus alnifolia, a truly magnificent specimen of the Golden Cyprus Oak.



IN THE FOND COURT GARDEN.



FORMAL BEDS OF DARWIN TULIPS.

Campanulas, Dresden China Daisy, Arabis aubrietioides, with large tufts of rose pink flowers, and the following Aubrietias: Lavender, Mrs. Lloyd Edwards, The Gem, Fire King, Dr. Mules and the delicate rose pink Bridesmaid, with overhanging masses of Arabis and Alyssum citrinum, and here and there pockets of Gentians are all used with a perfectly charming effect. There are two real gems in the rock gardens at Woodside which seem to stand out from the rest, and both, we believe, originated in these gardens. One is Myosotis Royal Blue, a clear blue Forget-me-not of great merit, either for bedding or the rock garden, by virtue of its rare quality in colour, and

that the flowers will be of inferior quality. We advise our correspondent to call in the aid of a nurseryman or gardener to bud upon the young tree a known variety, such as Watereri, which is perhaps the best of them all; alpinum, the beautiful Scotch laburnum; aureum, with golden leaves; Parksii; pendulum, the weeping laburnum; or quercifolium, with more or less oak-like foliage. The budding should be done in July or August, and if by any chance it is not successful, then grafting should be tried next March. The operations are quite as simple as the budding and grafting of fruit trees. The scions may be expected to flower about three years hence. All growths which appear below the scions must be removed, otherwise pruning should not be necessary.—Ed.]

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### A SEEDLING LABURNUM.

SIR.—Can you through the medium of COUNTRY LIFE give me some advice about a young laburnum tree? It is one I have grown from seed, is about six or seven years old, and stands 6 ft. to 7 ft. in height. It has never been pruned, as I considered it would spoil the shape of the tree, and it has never flowered, though the tree has strong looking wood and plenty of leaves. I shall be so much obliged if you would tell me at what age such a tree may be expected to flower, and whether it is necessary to prune it to obtain flowers.—GEO. GOULD.

[The common laburnum or golden rain seeds very freely, and seedlings spring up in all directions around the parent plant. Such seedlings, however, are of little use except as stocks on which to bud or graft improved varieties. If the seedling is just grown on it may take anything from five to twelve years to produce flowers, and even at the end of that time the chances are

## LITERATURE

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memoir, by his brother, John Howard Parnell. (Constable.)

IT is a quarter of a century since Charles Parnell died, but there remains interest enough in his strange personality to ensure readers for his brother's book even at this moment of dramatic and stirring incidents. Mr. John Parnell has written an intimate biography full of anecdotes and vivid touches, but it cannot be said that he has removed the mask of ice under which it pleased the Irish leader to conceal his true features. The book is written for friends and in a tone not meant to please English ears. It tells us that as a boy Parnell was fond of marbles and that he joined in the games "I spy" and "Follow your leader," that he yelled for trousers when they wished to put him in petticoats, and that when he was a baby his mother, visitors being announced while she was nursing him, thrust the future hope of Ireland into a big drawer and absent-mindedly forgot what she had done with him, so that, but for the muffled screams which came to be heard as they were searching for him, the infant Parnell might have been lost altogether. But incidents such as these fail to cast any illumination on his character. We can only do the best we can to arrange the *disjecta membra* into a picture.

Parnell's first environment might have been that of an English country house. Indeed, his family was English in origin, the first of note being a Mayor of Cheshire who settled in Ireland in the reign of the first James. He belonged to a part of the country which Tom Moore sang us into familiarity with, Avoca, The Meeting of the Waters, and the other fine places with finer names. His father was a typical squire, expert in agriculture, keeping good horses, hunting regularly with his Wicklow neighbours, sportsman and preserver of game with a shooting lodge at Aughavannagh, a Deputy-Lieutenant and active magistrate. Parnell, therefore, was no lean, hungry, out-of-elbows member of the family of Have-not, but accustomed from birth to an aristocratic environment. But even his brother cannot conceal the fact that he was unamiable.

In temper he was headstrong and self-willed, often to the point of rudeness, while at times he showed a curious mixture of jealousy and suspicion, which developed strongly in later years. His love of mischief was unbounded, but underlying every action was the rooted desire to have his own way at any cost.

After a rather irregular education at the hands of tutors he went to Cambridge, but left after having got into serious trouble. His father died early, and at his majority Parnell found himself a well-to-do country gentleman, owner of Avonmore, a friend of the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Carlisle, and moving in the best society.

It was one night in 1874 that he gave the first indication of wishing to enter upon a political career. He was then in his twenty-eighth year, and it is possible to form a tolerably accurate picture of what he was. Not book-learned. His education had been so irregular and spasmodic that he was not sure of his spelling. Not a very good business man. The sawmills, mining and gold-hunting on his Avonmore estate were not well managed. But he had travelled and seen life under many aspects. Temperamentally, he was domineering and intractable. A very trivial personal slight, if slight it were, turned him against the English Government. He had made up his mind to stand for Wicklow, but as he was High Sheriff it was illegal for him to do so till he resigned that office. But when he presented his resignation to the Lord-Lieutenant the latter replied that he could not accept it there and then, as certain formalities had to be complied with. Let his biographer tell the rest:

This did away with any chance of Charley contesting Wicklow at that election, as the other candidates were already in the field. The delay, and what he conceived to be a slight on the part of the Lord-Lieutenant, in not immediately accepting his resignation, and so setting him free to contest the seat, stung Charley deeply, and left him with a feeling of resentment against the English Government, which quickly became a rooted portion of his character.

His biographer thinks he drifted into politics by chance. Had his first serious love affair—that with Miss Woods—not ended in his being jilted, he would probably have sunk into a contented life on his estate, on the Continent, or in America. If he had not been so mentally upset by a railway accident "he might have died a wealthy but unremembered railway magnate." He chose politics as a last resort. The story

of his career is unsatisfactory to the political student, although it makes capital reading. Mr. John Parnell was not himself in the movement—he was too much engaged in cotton growing for that—and while he adds nothing to what we already knew from Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" and other sources, he passes many dramatic and critical points practically in silence. Parnell may not have been a Fenian, he may have detested the moonlighter and the dynamitard, and at this time of day no one would dream of accusing him of complicity with the Phoenix Park murders, but he initiated the boycott and he played with the forces of anarchy. Weighed in the political balance he is found lacking in creative or constructive ability. Ireland owes more to Mr. Balfour, Sir Horace Plunkett, and George Wyndham than to him. Probably no other man with so poor an intellectual endowment attained such influence as he possessed in his prime. There is a very curious appendix to the book, entitled "Charley's Superstitions." He found ill luck in the colour green and would not shake hands with a lady who wore it. The unlucky number was a cause of dread to him. So were funerals, and the burning of three candles. October was his unlucky month, and if a picture fell without apparent cause he thought it a portent of misfortune.

Philosophy and War, by Emile Boutreux. (Constable and Co., 4s. 6d.)

THIS is a translation of a series of essays by an eminent Frenchman, a member of the Academy and a professor of philosophy, well known as a writer on philosophic subjects and as the translator of Zeller's "Greek Philosophy." He is now an old man. In 1869 he was sent by the French Government to Germany to study the organisation of German universities. At Heidelberg he attended the lectures of Zeller and listened also to the harangues of Treitschke, "an orator of amazing passion and violence," whose glorification of the Hohenzollern dynasty and of Prussian ideals brought him later to a "chair" at Berlin; and he returned to France convinced that hostilities were on the point of breaking out. That forecast was verified; he saw his country defeated by Germany, and, now that forty-five years have passed since then, he sees France again at grips with the old adversary. Age has not cooled the veteran's heart or diminished his power of clear thought and expression. He begins by asking what philosophy has to do with war, and points out that the Germans themselves regard this war as the culmination of their philosophy. Is it possible, then, he asks, to make the German philosophers of the past responsible for the use which is now being made of their doctrines? It is certain that the masters of German thought were idealists, enamoured of truth and devoted to the cause of the spirit, who would disavow the conclusions drawn from their doctrines; but, nevertheless, some of the main ideas of Kant and Fichte and Hegel do lend themselves to applications more or less like those which the Germans are now making of them. His main indictment is to this effect—that these famous thinkers gave an undue and exclusive prominence to Intellect and Will, and ignored or undervalued Feeling, and the result of this teaching is seen in Germany of to-day, which is quite a different Germany from that of Leibnitz and Kant, of Goethe and Beethoven. "The German is a man who obeys. He regards the whole of morality as consisting in obedience to authority." "German culture is now seen to be nothing else than scientific barbarism. With such despotism, the world, which means to shake off every kind of servitude, will never be able to make terms" (page 104). The French nation, on the other hand, as M. Boutreux points out, has never abandoned the classical tradition derived from the great poets and philosophers and embodied once for all by Sophocles in the "Antigone"—the tradition that the rule imposed by the State is not necessarily identical with the law of God, and that the whole duty of man is not summed up in obedience to authority. This leads to two consequences: that France is a land pleasant to live in, and that she does not claim to impose her institutions and ideals by force upon the rest of the world. She believes in something else than Force; she believes in Freedom and Intelligence. It is something like the old contest between Athens and Sparta which is being fought out on the slopes of Verdun. Sparta seemed to be victorious then. She could raze the walls of Athens, but she could not touch the far nobler sway which Athens has exercised to this day over the minds of civilised men. Whether the Germans will conquer France remains to be seen; but the spirit of France and the ideals for which she is fighting cannot be conquered.

From Boundary Rider to Prime Minister: Hughes of Australia, by Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson, 1s.)

MR. HUGHES is not merely a picturesque figure who has caught the public eye by reason of his hard struggle and romantic rise to success. Nor is he only an eloquent speaker. He appears to the British public at this moment one of the very few men possessing those qualities of "grit" and "go," of clear seeing and unfaltering resolution which are so greatly needed. Therefore anybody who tells us about him is sure of finding ready listeners, and this little book, at the modest price of a shilling, will no doubt be widely read. For ourselves we found by far the least interesting part of the book the sincere, well meaning, but rather too exuberantly worded eulogies on the Australian Prime Minister and the extracts from "character sketches" of him in enthusiastic journals. But the facts of his history, as distinguished from the comments upon them, are intensely interesting, and most of all we welcome the opportunity of reading two reprinted contributions by Mr. Hughes himself. One of these is "Labour in Power," a monograph



originally written for the *Daily Chronicle*, and gives a history of the Labour Party in Australia and a detailed account of the way in which they have dealt with various legislative problems since they came into power on that which will probably be a very memorable date in history—April 29th, 1910. The other is an address on Compulsory Military Training, delivered in 1907 at a meeting at which Lord Roberts was Chairman. The question of Compulsory Service is settled for the moment, but the question of National Service after the war has yet got to be settled, and no one could possibly wish a saner, more lucid exposition of the case, couched in the language of restrained eloquence, for a measure of National Training, as contrasted with Conscription, than this one of Mr. Hughes', now eight years old. Many of us will read it and wonder how it was that we were so abominably stupid—or, perhaps, so abominably lazy.

**A Woman in the Balkans**, by Mrs. Will Gordon, F.R.G.S. (Winifred Gordon). (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

THE chronology of *A Woman in the Balkans* is, perhaps inevitably, the least satisfactory feature of the book, and as it is obvious that the author's tour was made at the latest in the spring of 1914 by referring, as she does, to events of the present war, Mrs. Gordon allows the reader to suspect that she is possibly seeing her impressions through the medium of later occurrences. Be that as it may, it is pleasant enough to find the virtues of Serbians and Montenegrins insisted upon and to hear that Ferdinand of Bulgaria, despite his intellectual abilities, was even then through his "extravagance and ostentation" unpopular with his subjects. Though no book of travel can well say the last word on its subject, the war has given a more than usually ephemeral character to some of Mrs. Gordon's observations. It is, however, a timely book which should do much to improve the often lamentably slight knowledge of the general reader as to the peculiarities and beauties of the Balkan States, Roumania—regarded here as "not a Balkan Power"—and Turkey in Asia. In times of peace it might even have inspired a certain number of tourists to see for themselves the wonders of the Bocche di Cattaro or that eighty-mile patch on the Thracian plain where the roses to make "attar" grow, their sweetness in May and June "floating in the air for

miles around." Descriptions of national costume and customs are apt to pall; a short *résumé* of the history of a country, involved as it so often seems, is a difficult thing to give clearly; scenery painted in words is sometimes uninspiring, yet Mrs. Gordon has triumphantly surmounted all these difficulties. One reads with enthusiasm whether she tells of a night spent in a monastery in the Yantra Gorge, of the little dolls hung by Serbian widows in their windows as an intimation that they would be wooed again, of the pigs who follow their masters to and from market, of the Bulgarian gipsy lassies who work as builders while their menfolk do the washing, or of the homely court of King Nicholas of Montenegro. The illustrations from photographs, some taken by the author herself, are interesting, and in some cases notably pretty. Of "Carmen Sylva," who showed the author much kindness, there is a charming portrait in words and a fine photograph. Exceptionally lucky in the matter of Royal favour and kindness from highly placed officials, Mrs. Gordon seems to have been able to see without much hardship and, save for a shipwreck on Ithaca, of which one would like to hear more, little danger, many spots unknown to Western Europeans. Anyone similarly equipped and equally resolute might have seen as much, but it is a rare enthusiasm and a real love of her subject which have enabled her to pass on her impressions with such a vivid and authentic touch.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Spectators, by Clara Smith and T. Bosanquet. (Constable, 6s.)  
The Longest Way Round, by D. Broadway. (Allen and Unwin, 6s.)  
A Short History of English Rural Life, by Montague Fordham. (Allen and Unwin, 2s. 6d.)  
The Amazing Philanthropists, by Susanne R. Day. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.)  
Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, Vol. 76. (Murray, 10s.)  
Over the Brazier, by Robert Graves. (Poetry Bookshop, 8d.)  
The Chevalier de Boufflers, by Neta H. Weston. (Murray, 12s.)  
British Birds, Vol. III, by A. Thorburn. (Longmans. In four volumes, £6 6s.)  
The Anzac Book. (Cassell, 2s. 6d.)  
The Wisser Folly, by Leslie Moore. (Putnam, 6s.)  
Some Experiences in Hungary, by Nina Macdonald. (Longmans, 3s. 6d.)  
The World Mender, by Maxwell Gray. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "HUSH-A-BY BABY."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There cannot be any lullabies or "lullabybodies" better than those which our mothers used to "sing us to sleep," crooning bits handed down from mother to daughter for generations. "Hush-a-by Baby" is a natural lullaby, one which poets may not improve upon, and a fellow to it is "Diddle, diddle, my son John." Mere lullabies I remember were called "deedlelins," done with crooning tones and "hoppittings" on the knee. I can hear them still after many years, as no doubt many another can, and such cannot be amended.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

### RURAL SOCIETIES FEDERATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I find that one point in my letter to you on the above subject has been misunderstood. I did not for one moment mean to convey that all rural societies were doing futile work. What I wished to express was my conviction that if a federation of all rural societies—large and small—could be established, the work done by all would be much more effective. Such an organisation would speak with a far more powerful voice than is possible for the societies at present speaking as individual units. Surely the first great objective is to create real community life in our villages—and all societies might well concentrate on this. I think Mr. Major's suggestion of a conference is excellent, and I sincerely hope it may prove possible to convene one.—CHRISTOPHER TURNER.

### THE COLLECTOR'S CASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read the letter of your correspondent at the front on the subject of taking the whole clutch of eggs by collectors. It is a pity that so much ignorance exists about the supposed cruelty of collectors. It comes, of course, from want of observation. I am myself collecting at the front, and am taking the clutch—and the nest. This is from no want of love for the birds, but because long observation has shown me that it is not the cruel act your correspondent thinks it is. Birds pass the summer months in rearing from two to four broods of young, and their attempts are their natural state of existence from April to August. They show no affection for their nest or unhatched eggs, which they are accustomed to lose by jays, magpies, crows, squirrels, mice, snakes, slugs, rats, skunks, and other animals. Most birds show so little affection for their unhatched eggs that the taking of two out of four fresh eggs causes the bird to invariably leave the nest; even the disturbance of several visits to the nest causes desertion. A bad rainstorm causes desertion. I have seen every nest on a mountain deserted after a snowstorm of twenty-four hours—both eggs and young birds, even nests in holes of trees. To attribute the feelings of the higher animals for their young to birds for their eggs is a mistake, and the harsh condemnation by the ignorant of those who know is a pity. Your correspondent probably thinks that it is a great undertaking to build a nest; any bird builds a nest, or at least *can* build its second attempt in four days, and is again sitting on four eggs in nine days. By taking the clutch, *if fresh*, you have delayed the brood by nine days; if hard-set the delay is more nearly three weeks. A blackbird will bring off in many cases four broods of four young in the course of the summer. I have myself seen a thrush bring off five broods in the summer—April, May, June, July and August; the average time from beginning the nest until the young flew was thirty-three days. There is no cruelty in taking one of these nests which warrants the harsh condemnation

of your ignorant though sympathetic correspondent, who would probably not know that by keeping a cat at his home he is doing a really cruel thing, for the house cat hunts incessantly through the nesting season, and destroys every day the parent birds, leaving the young to starve miserably in the nests in his garden. I, who love birds and take some of their lovely nests and eggs, do everything in my power to destroy the vermin which *are* cruel to them—especially tame cats. The small birds nest in our gardens for protection from the crows, magpies and jays. We meet them with the worse enemy, the tame cat. The other vermin kill the egg and the young; the pet cat of your correspondent starves the young slowly to death. Which is cruel, he or I?—C. DE B. GREEN, S.S.A.3, Somewhere in France.

### WOMEN ON A GLOUCESTERSHIRE FARM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We have read with great appreciation in your recent numbers various articles on "Women on the Land." It may interest you to know how successfully women have worked on our farm. We farm about 2,000 acres, mostly arable, in the Upper Thames, and have a large herd of dairy shorthorns, milking about 200 cows daily. The village women first commenced field work about the beginning of June, 1915, when we found that unless they came to help us, the corn must go unweeded and the roots spoil through want of hoeing and singling. They said they were only waiting to be asked to help, so we provided the necessary tools, which included wheat and root hoes, paddles, hay forks, and jaggling hooks for ditching and thistle cutting. After consultation with the women we arranged, throughout the summer, to divide each day into three shifts: First shift, 8 a.m. till 10.30 a.m.; second shift, 12.30 p.m. till 4 p.m.; third shift, 4.30 p.m. till 8 p.m. The women chose as many or whichever of these shifts as suited them best. We pay them at the rate of 3d. an hour. We had about fifteen women and girls working pretty regularly, and they weeded 100 acres of corn, cut all the thistles on the grasslands, hoed and singled about 40 acres out of 100 acres of roots, and pulled and pitted about the same acreage in autumn. They also helped at threshing, pulling docks, spreading manure, etc. Besides these we have four middle class women, who came to us a year ago and have worked splendidly. They all do milking. One looks after young calves, feeds and cleans them out, carries water, pulps roots and prepares their food. Another has been looking after about twenty mares and young Shires all the winter, feeding them out in the fields, and bringing them in to wash their legs when necessary. She also ploughs and harrows. Besides these we have two village girls, sixteen and eighteen years of age, employed in milking. They milk ten to twelve cows apiece, bring in and tie up the cows, clean them, carry litter for bedding, chaff for mixing, pulp roots, mix and bag up feed, and put in their whole time attending to the cows. We pay our imported women 19s. a week and cottage furnished and rent free. We are now trying to get a woman to run the engine attached to the sterilising and refrigerating plant. We notice a marked improvement in the health of the women of the village; in fact, they all say how much better they feel and how much more interesting life in the country is for them nowadays. We allow all our workers, men and women, a half day and a whole Sunday once a month, and we find that their work is all the better for it. We have no hesitation in saying that we have not omitted one single farm operation, but we realise that it would have been utterly impossible without the help of the women. The fact that we can now depend upon twenty-five to twenty-seven skilled women workers makes it possible for us this year not only to keep up, but to be able to increase the supply of food produced on our farm.—MAY AND ROBERT HOBBS.



## HISTORY'S ECHOES AT THE DARDANELLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of April 29th last you reproduced an interesting old print of the Venetian Fleet attacking the Dardanelles in 1646. It has been seen by my brother serving now for nearly a year on H.M.S. — off Lemnos in the Ægean, and he thinks your readers may like to see this photograph of a bronze cannon at Kastro, the western port of that island. It bears the date 1587 and "Philip V"; the balls are iron, some solid and some hollow. The gunner and mate are of a later period.—W. H. D.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As one of your oldest and most constant subscribers I should like to express the pleasure I have received by reading your exceedingly interesting review of Mr. Marchant's book on the life of my old friend, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace. My introduction to Dr. Wallace came through the kindness of my friend, Mr. King (nephew of the late Lord Kelvin), and Dr. Wallace gave me an introduction to the late Professor Allman, with whom I had corresponded for many years. These two great men then resided at Parkstone, quite near to each other, and it was my great pleasure to visit them frequently and to have their friendship for the remainder of their lives. They were great friends and admirers of my old friend, Charles Kingsley, and when I told them anecdotes about him they were delighted.



AN ANCIENT BRONZE CANNON AT LEMNOS.

good enough for them all their time, and who cannot see any benefit in the upsetting of the order of things.—SEXEX.

## CEDAR AT TICHMARSH RECTORY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the beginning of the year you printed a photograph of a cedar growing in my garden, and asked for data of the tree's age. Since then I have been making enquiries, and a record has been brought to light stating that it was planted in 1744, and giving the name of the planter as William Nichols. Tradition had adopted another man of that name as the planter, and maintained that the cedar was brought to Tichmarsh about 1627. I suppose this date was chosen in order to associate so fine an object with John Dryden, who, though born at Aldwinckle in 1631, was closely connected with Tichmarsh. The recent gale has damaged the tree considerably, destroying to a great extent the characteristic for which it was most famed, namely, the symmetry of its branches from the top right down to the ground. But the tree is still a very fine specimen of *Cedrus atlantica glauca*. Its height is 74ft., and the circumference of its branches is now 106yds. The girth is impossible to measure accurately, owing to the branches which diverge at the ground level.—ARTHUR M. LUCKOCK.



THE BRANCHING STEMS OF THE TICHMARSH CEDAR.

The walks with them through their gardens at Parkstone, where rare Alpine and semi-tropical plants were so protected that they grew and flowered to perfection, were treats not to be forgotten. Dr. Wallace seemed very pleased when I told him that his "Malay Archipelago" was the best book I had ever read. But when I criticised some passages from a book written by a friend of his upon the power possessed by the "Spirit Medium," he promptly changed the subject and I avoided it in future. His beautifully written books charmed me, but I was not converted to his conclusions upon spiritualism, vaccination or the land question. We were, however, the best of friends, and he paid me the greatest compliment of my life by asking me to edit some posthumous work which Professor Allman had intended to publish, for which he had made beautiful drawings, of the pelagic history of the sea. He thought I should do it as a labour of love, but I felt totally incompetent for such a work.—THOMAS SHEPHEARD.

## GOD'S TIME AND MAN'S TIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"B." merely expresses the opinion of a good many of our old "rustics," who cannot conceive why anyone should meddle with God's time, which has been good enough for them all their lives and needs no improvement. This is in particular the opinion of those who have to rise early to attend to farm work, for it does not help them in any way and is bad for cows if they are milked before their proper time. The farm workers generally look upon it as a fooling with that which has been

## A TAME SQUIRREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs may be of sufficient interest for you to publish one of them. The squirrel has lived in our garden for the last four years and has become wonderfully tame: he is often in the house and will come on to the table and eat. Apparently he has a great liking for eggs, for he is often in the ivy, where he is mobbed by the sparrows and others, which looks as if he were there for no good purpose. I do not think he escaped from a cage, as when he first arrived he was quite wild.—J. DE V.



A PERMANENT INHABITANT OF THE GARDEN.

## QUAINT FRIENDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of a rider and his steed that may be of interest to your readers. The pair, a Capuchin monkey and an aged tom cat, are



A SAFE MOUNT.

fast friends. The monkey has safely passed the rigours of the winter and is in the best of health and spirits. Extremely affectionate to those he trusts, he is an engaging personality and a most amusing pet.—SYLVIA HOOK.

## THE OXLIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—If not too late, may a botanist join issue with you? You said in your issue of May 6th—it was only brought to my notice yesterday—that the specimen sent to you from Somerset was *Primula elatior*. This is impossible! The plant only grows in three or four of the Eastern Counties. It is best known as the Bardfield oxlip. The plant sent you was no doubt the hybrid between *Primula acaulis* and *P. veris*, and, of course, is found in Somerset and everywhere else where the primrose and cowslip grow together. Darwin cleared up the matter years ago.—WALTER BUTT.

## THE DECORATIVE WISTARIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to your article on wistaria in Brittany, you may possibly like to see the accompanying photograph of wistaria growing over a Gothic window. The effect is delightful. It is a pity this beautiful climber is not



A VEIL OF BLOSSOM.

more used for wall covering. Few plants are more successful, for it decorates the wall of an old building instead of obscuring it. In flowering-time it is one of the most beautiful of plants, and the leaf is always delightful.—E. H.

## AYSCOUGHFEE HALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your article in last week's issue on Ayscoughfee Hall and its garden, you may like to publish the enclosed photograph of the statue of Diana about which Mr. Weaver gave some particulars. I understand the example once at Trentham is now at Mounton House,



DIANA AT AYSCOUGHFEE HALL.

Chepstow. It would be interesting to know if there are any other replicas of it in English gardens.—C. G.

## CONCERNING THE SUN-FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A fine specimen of the sun-fish, caught in a trawl and landed at Weymouth, has just been presented to the British Museum of Natural History by Mr. W. Howlett of Billingsgate Market. This particular specimen weighed over half a ton, but really full grown examples attain to over a ton in weight and a length of 8ft. Without question the sun-fish is one of the most remarkable of fishes, living or extinct. It has the appearance of having suffered amputation of the hinder half of the body which terminates abruptly immediately behind the huge dorsal and anal fins. The tail fin is wanting, while the breast fin is so small that its usefulness must be very limited. Yet it is one of the most expert of divers, descending to great depths in pursuit of its prey. This has always been stated to consist of jelly-fish, obtained at or near the surface, and the larvæ of fishes, more especially of the *Leptocephalus* or larval stage of the eel, which is well known to occur only at great depths. But when the present specimen came to be dissected a silver ling, nearly 2ft. long, was taken from its stomach! This fish is known to occur at depths ranging from 100 to 300 fathoms; it must therefore be pursued and captured in utter darkness. How this feat is performed by a creature so unwieldy is a mystery, the more so since its mouth, for the size of the animal, is ridiculously small. The sun-fish is a near relation of the tropical globe-fish, so often brought home by sailors, inflated, and studded with thorny scales. In the sun-fish these thorns are represented by minute prickles, giving the skin almost the texture of shagreen. Beneath the skin, and inseparable from it, is a layer, in some places 2in. thick, of a semi-cartilaginous substance which is sometimes, but inaccurately, described as "blubber." The oil which this fish produces in large quantities is derived from the liver.—W. P. PYCRAFT, Natural History Museum.